THE MISSIONARY HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

NOVEMBER 1936

WHITMAM MEMORIAL BUILDING

Directory of Boards

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, *President*

Agency of the Congregational and Christian Churches for Christian Work abroad, including Congregational Woman's Boards

Organized 1810 Incorporated 1812

Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Executive Vice-President
Rev. Fred Field Goodsell
General Correspondence

Treasury Department: Harold B. Belcher, Treasurer; Frederick A. Gaskins, Attorney and Assistant Treasurer; S. Emma Keith, Assistant Treasurer

Home Department: Rev. D. Brewer Eddy, Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge, Ruth I. Seabury, Mary D. Uline, Rev. Hugh Vernon White, Mildred C. Widber

Foreign Department: Rev. Alden H. Clark, Mabel E. Emerson, Rev. Wynn C. Fairfield, Mrs. W. H. Medlicott, Rev. H. E. B. Case, Mark H. Ward, M.D. (Medical Secretary)

Editorial and Publicity Department: Rev. Enoch F. Bell, Dorothy P. Cushing

Purchasing and Publishing Department: Harvey L. Meeken, Agent.

Literature, educational plans, slides, speakers and information at Congregational House, Boston; 287 Fourth Ave., New York City; 19 South La Salle St., Chicago; 421 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

THE WOMAN'S BOARDS

Since the consolidation, the Woman's Boar listed below continue as holding companies order to care for funds which cannot be legall transferred and to receive legacies written in t name of these organizations.

Woman's Board of Missions, incorporated Massachusetts, 1869. Frederick A. Gaskin Treasurer, S. Emma Keith, Assistant Treasure 14 Beacon St., Boston.

Woman's Board of Missions of the Interio incorporated in Illinois, 1873. Mrs. W. T. Hughe Treasurer, 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacifi incorporated in California, 1877, Mrs. W. C. Bla dale, Treasurer, 2514 College Ave., Berkeley, Ca

THE HOME BOARDS

Rev. Edward Weeks Cross, *President*

Agencies of the Congregational and Christian Churches for Missionary and Educational Work in America, including Woman's Home Missionary Federation

These Societies, while maintaining their respective organizations, operate for greater unity under a common Board of Directors. Rev. William F. Frazier, *Executi Vice-President;* Rev. Herbert W. Gates, *Recording Secretary;* Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge, *Executive Secretary of Promotion;* William T. Boult, *Receiving Treasure* Rev. John R. Scotford, Mrs. Mary D. White, *Associate Secretaries;* Rev. Herbert D. Rugg, *Editorial Secretary;* Helen Frances Smith, *Project and Information Secretar*

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

287 Fourth Ave., New York City

Rev. Fred L. Brownlee — Executive Secretary
William T. Boult — Treasurer
George N. White — Field Secretary

Colleges, Churches, Schools and Hospitals as well as Social Service are maintained in the South among Negroes and Highlanders, in the West among Indians and also in Puerto Rico. A veritable Crusade of Brotherhood.

THE MINISTERIAL BOARDS

287 Fourth Ave., New York City

Rev. Lewis T. Reed — General Secretary
William T. Boult — Treasurer

The Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief serves the welfare of the ministry by making grants to aged or disabled ministers, their widows and orphan children. Its income is inadequate to do its work. In 1935, 1,023 regular and emergency grants were made by the national and state Boards.

The Annuity Fund is a scientific contributory plan by which a minister may safeguard his age and provide incidental benefits for himself in the event of disability, and for the family in case of his untimely death. Membership, December 31, 1935, 3,108. Assets, $6,222,146.

The Pilgrim Memorial Fund is a permanent foundation, held in trust by the Corporation for the General Council. The income supplements the minister's annual payments toward old age annuities. Net collections, December 31, 1935, $5,004,665.

CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Rev. Herbert W. Gates, General Secretary
Rev. Paul R. Reynolds, Field Secretary
Rev. John Leslie Lobingier, World Fellowship and Adult Education
Rev. Harry T. Stock (Boston), Miss Lucy M. Eldredge (Dayton, Ohio), Young People and Students' work
Rev. Erwin L. Shaver, Leadership Training
Arthur J. Crockett, Treasurer

Makes available to our churches materials and methods of Religious Education in home, church and school; including Adult Education, Young People's Work, Student Life, Missionary Education, Leadership Training. Its *Department of Educational Institutions* helps to promote the work of our colleges and schools.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY

(The Pilgrim Press)

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Organized and conducted in the interest of the Congregational-Christian churches for the publication and distribution of religious education literature, including periodicals, textbooks, teachers' magazines, children's and young people's weekly papers, books for home and church use, church school equipment, and the publication of the church paper, *Advance*. The Society operates book stores at Boston and Chicago.

Sidney A. Weston, Ph.D., General Manager and Editor
Rev. William E. Gilroy, D.D., Editor of *Advance*
Rev. Hubert C. Herring, Associate Editor of *Advance*
Arthur J. Crockett, Treasurer

CHURCH EXTENSION BOARDS

287 Fourth Ave., New York City

including:

The Congregational Home Missionary Societ

The Congregational Church Building Societ

The Congregational Sunday School Extensio Society

Rev. Ernest M. Halliday, General Secretary
Elbert C. Wood, Church Building Secretary
William T. Boult, Treasurer

These Societies carry on a wide range of Hom Missionary activities. They establish churc schools, organize churches, aid needy churches i the support of their ministers, and assist in churc and parsonage building.

THE COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL ACTION

287 Fourth Ave., New York City and
5757 University Ave., Chicago

Arthur E. Holt — Chairma
Hubert C. Herring — Directo
Alfred Schmalz — Associate Directo

Created by vote of the General Council a Oberlin as an agency of the churches for socia research, education and action upon the great socia frontiers, industrial, rural, racial and internationa The Council for Social Action seeks to serve as a effective instrument through which the churche may give effective corporate expression to thei concern for a righteous, just and peaceful world.

MISSIONS COUNCIL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL AND CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. — 287 Fourth Ave., New York City — 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Rev. W. Frederick Bohn, *Chairman*
Rev. Howell D. Davies, *Regional Secretary* (Chicago)
Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge, *Executive Secretary*
Lucy V. Seidler, *Office Secretary*

The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board of Directors of the Home Boards under authority of the General Council to effect a unified program of missionary education and promotion. Its Cabinet is composed of Rev. Fred Field Goodsell, Executive Vice-President of the American Board; Rev. William F. Frazier, Executive Vice-President of the Home Boards; Rev. Rodney W. Roundy, Portland, Maine representing the Council of State Superintendents; and Rev. Leonard M Outerbridge, Executive Secretary of Promotion of the American Board an of the Home Boards, Chairman. Its Joint Staff includes personnel of th promotional units of both Boards.

The Missions Council is the "official body for each of the Missionary Societies for the purpose of disseminating information, cultivating interest and procurin funds." For literature, educational plans, slides, speakers and information address the Missions Council at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, or 14 Beacon Street Boston or 19 South LaSalle Street, Chicago.

Four Important Purposes

Unite in Urging a

CONDITIONAL GIFT

To the

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

---

1. **A gift will help the Board's work.** This is first and foremost. It means you will share in Christian Training of 84,000 pupils, in church work ministering to 107,000 members, in hospital and dispensary treatments to 660,000 persons.

2. **The income is larger than can be secured from investments.** 4% at age 45; 5% at age 55; 5.7% at age 65; 7% at age 75; 8% at age 80 and above.

3. **It gives permanence and convenience.** You are relieved from all problems of investment and reinvestment. This is assumed by the Board through a careful and conservative Finance Committee.

4. **It is safe.** For over 25 years income on these gifts has been paid without any delay or diminution in amount.

For further information write to:

HAROLD B. BELCHER, *Treasurer*
FREDERICK A. GASKINS, *Attorney and Assistant Treasurer*
S. EMMA KEITH, *Assistant Treasurer*

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Board of Directors

For the Home Boards:
Rev. Robert W. Coe
Rev. Herbert W. Gates
Rev. Oscar E. Maurer
Mrs. John C. Schroeder

For the American Board:
Rev. William F. Frazier
Rev. Fred Field Goodsell
Miss Louise C. Hazen
Rev. William G. Sargent

Editorial Staff

Enoch F. Bell, *Editor*
(14 Beacon St., Boston)
John R. Scotford, *Associate Editor*
(287 Fourth Ave., New York)
Grace H. Knapp, *Editorial Assistant*

Foreword

For our cover we have chosen a Whitman College scene to call special attention to the Whitman Centenary material so prominent in this number.

The poems of Superintendent Rice of Washington strike the keynote for the issue; the article by Dr. Walker of Portland, Oregon (member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board and special representative of the MISSIONARY HERALD at the Centenary in Walla Walla) makes that Centenary live before us; President Potter of the American Board brings inspiration from the past for the pioneer work of the future; and Dr. Bratton, Acting-President of Whitman College, gives honor to whom honor is due in the perpetuating of the indomitable spirit of the early Oregon missionaries.

Several articles from or about Africa appear also: Madelina Chipa is Superintendent of Schools in the Sachikela, West Africa region; Mr. Hastings is an American Board missionary in Bailundo with special supervision of churches; Mr. Ennis is in charge of churches and schools in Sachikela, and has done much translation and revision of scriptures; his story describes a rather strenuous recreation period spent in hunting lions. Mr. William Bell, missionary from Lobito, West Africa, now in this country, is author of one of the year's mission study books, *African Bridge Builders*. The interview by Miss Cushing is with Dr. James B. McCord, founder of the McCord Zulu Hospital, Durban, South Africa.

Mrs. Auten is Devotional Chairman, Illinois Woman's Fellowship. Mr. Aschenbrenner was appointed by the Home Missions Council to take charge of the interdenominational church of the workers on the Bonneville Dam in Oregon. Mr. Scotford's article on the interdependent relations of the Home Boards and the local church—"Together We Go Forward"—merits careful reading.

The impressive cartoon, "Hold it, Christians!" that accompanies Mr. Schmalz's article, is by Russell O. Berg of Indianapolis.

All Rights Reserved

The American Board,
HARVEY L. MEEKEN, *Agent*
14 Beacon St., Boston
Subscription price $1.25 a year for single subscriptions; for clubs of five $1.00 a year for each member.
Canadian and Foreign Subscriptions $1.61 per year or in clubs $1.36.

Entered as Second Class Matter March 1879
at the Post Office, Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Published monthly at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

Representing the Home and Foreign Boards of the Congregational and Christian Churches
Continuing the *American Missionary* and the *Missionary Herald*

Vol. CXXXII **NOVEMBER, 1936** **No. 11**

CONTENTS

COVER. Clock Tower Memorial Building, Whitman College.

ARTICLES

Whitman Centenary Poems. By Claton Rice 491
The Trail and What Came of It. By Raymond B. Walker . 493
Pioneers, O Pioneers! By Rockwell Harmon Potter . . . 496
Together We Go Forward 498
The Southern Mill Village 501
Peace At the Point of a Gun. By Alfred Schmalz . . . 505
The Whitman Centennial 507
Whitman College and the Centennial. By W. A. Bratton . . 510
Student Leaders Move Forward. By Alden H. Clark . . . 511
For the Pilgrim Fellowship. By Harry T. Stock 512
Let Brotherly Love Continue 513
An Up and Down Parish in Virginia. By John R. Scotford . 514
Devotional Service for November. By Mrs. H. Louis Auten . 515
The Christ of the African Road. By Madelina Chipa . . 517
Lobito Longings. By William C. Bell 517
What! No Quintuplets? An Interview by Dorothy P. Cushing . 518
Silhouette. A Tale Retold by Dorothy P. Cushing . . . 520
Bailundo Builders. By Daniel A. Hastings 521
The Lions of Malolo. By Merlin W. Ennis 521
The New President of Defiance College 523
Where Youth Prevails. By E. J. Aschenbrenner . . . 523

SECRETARIAL SIDELIGHTS. By John R. Scotford 516
HERALDINGS 524
BOOK CHAT 525
THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER 527
PERSONALS 530
IN MEMORIAM 531
CHRONICLE 533

Whitman Centenary Poems

By Claton S. Rice

THE PIONEER MOTHER

It's the sigh of the breeze,
Through the willow trees,
It's the smell of the kinnikinick,
It's the snap that I hear
As the sod breaks clear,
And the sound of the soft flowing "crick."

It's the perfume of flow'rs—
Wild roses, spring show'rs—
Shouts of glee from the Indian camp;
It's the voice of a boy,
As he sings for joy,
Through the breeze, to the birds in the damp.

It's a rough prairie shack
The gales twist and wrack,
Top the hill, where the cornfields flow by;
It's a young mother's song,
A voice brave and strong,
Sudden tears—and a child wonders why.

Was the snap of that sod
The stern voice of God
Sounding out 'gainst the raped grassy plain?
Were my mother's songtears—
Oh sweet pioneers—
Partly joy, partly hope, or most pain?

It's the sigh of the breeze,
Through the willow trees,
And the songtears I recollect best;
And that stern voice of God
In the breaking of sod—
Rest you, pioneer mother, now rest!

WHITMAN, WE COME

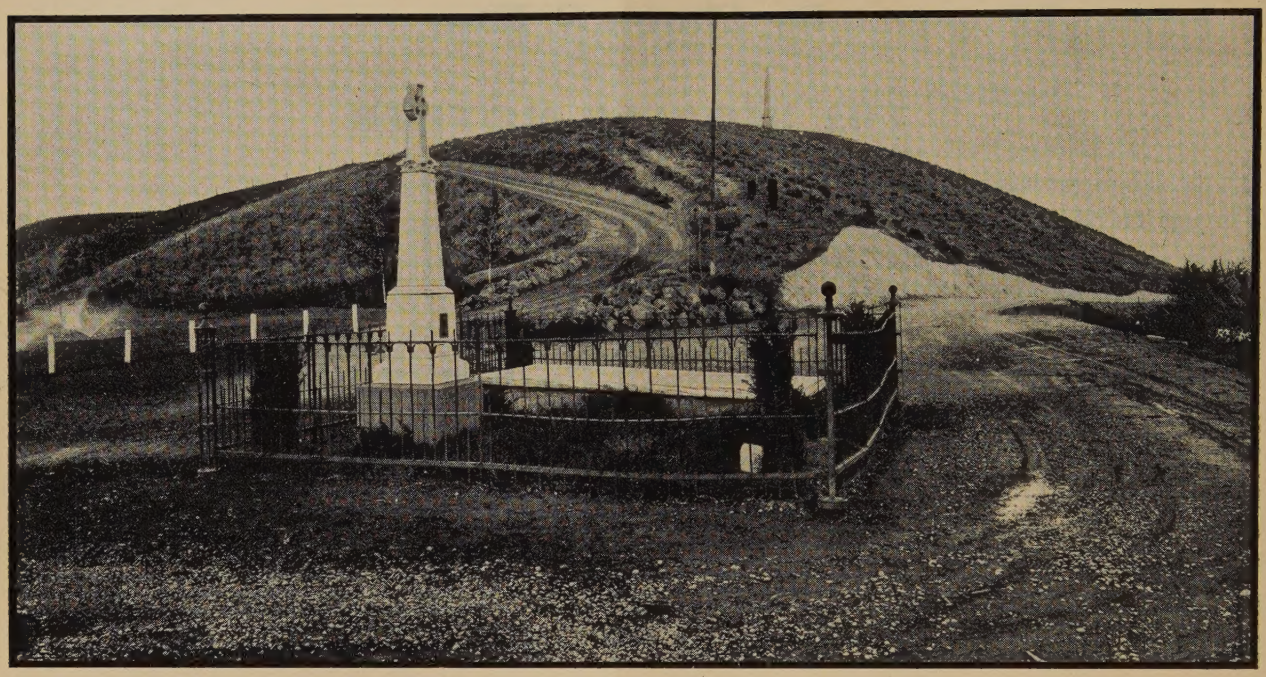
Sunrise—and westward ho!
Life's morn, love's dawn and a new land!
How fair she was, and true as steel,
And he was filled with Christ's own zeal,
And she would sing, and he would heal—
In life's dear morn, at love's sweet dawn.

Sunrise—and then 'twas dark!
No weary afternoon for them,
No cankered disillusionment,
No dying hope with strength all spent,
No dragging step, no fond hearts rent—
Sunrise, and then, sunset.

Sunset—and afterglow!
These hills are filled with glory now!
That vivid red of martyrdom—
'Twas not in vain! The drum! The drum!
We hear it throb! Whitman, we come
To build God's kingdom where you fell!!

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

The End of the Oregon Trail



Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, Pioneers of the Oregon Indian Mission, lie buried here—martyrs to a great Cause. But their spirit has lived on in the descendants of the Old Trail; in the great Pacific Northwest, a Land of the Free and a Home of the Brave; in the Churches that took up their work; in the College that bears their name.

Was the Beginning of the Enterprise

The Trail—And What Came of It

By Raymond B. Walker

An epic incomparable in the chronicles of Christian Missions is the story of Waiilatpu; history has enshrined the names of Dr. Marcus Whitman and his heroic wife, Narcissa, in the heart of every American who knows the thrilling story of the winning of the West.

It was on the first day of September, 1836—one hundred years ago—that a little band of exhausted travelers reached the far outpost of civilization in the vast wilderness known as Old Oregon: the Hudson's Bay Company fort on the Columbia River.

WHAT A TRAIL!

That intrepid company consisted of Dr. Whitman and his bride, the Reverend and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding and a young man, William H. Gray. What a wedding journey it was! Seven months of travel; hardships incredible, traversing the plains, crossing the mountains, fording the rivers—a long and perilous journey. Much of their equipment, including the wagons with which they started, had been abandoned by the way.

Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white women to cross the continent and penetrate the wilds of the Northwest. On sidemount saddles they rode, as befitted women of that day. Gently bred, well educated, embodying the highest standard of American culture, they faced with superb courage and unfaltering purpose the privations and sufferings of that hazardous trek.

And then, in crude cabins of cottonwood logs, with the rude implements of the frontier, they set themselves at the task of homemaking. Theirs the first American homes on the Pacific Coast and the beginnings of American civilization in the West!

Commissioned by the American Board, these young people had braved the wilderness to take the Gospel to the Indians and to instruct them in the arts of civilization.

And so, at Waiilatpu, "the place of the rye grass," in the Valley of the Walla Walla, the Whitmans located their mission, erected their home and school, established grist and saw mills, irrigated the fertile river land and began Western agriculture.

Dr. Whitman, a skilled physician and surgeon, his lovely and gracious wife an accomplished musician, their home became an oasis in the wilderness and the ministry of the mission was extended not alone to the Indians but to white settlers who in ever increasing number found their way toward the fertile valleys of the Oregon Country. The Whitmans' primary interest, however, was the Indian tribes, Nez Perce and Cayuse, and for eleven years they labored with remarkable success, civilizing the savages and teaching them the truths of the Gospel.

WHY THE TRAIL?

The venture of the Whitmans was the direct outcome of a strange and dramatic incident occurring five years before: four Indians from the far Northwest had appeared in St. Louis in quest of the "white man's book of heaven." Somehow they had learned of the white man's religion and of his Bible and by their tribes had been delegated to go in search of "the book."

The whole country was stirred and the imagination of church people everywhere quickened by the Indians' pathetic quest for the Gospel. First to respond were the Methodists who dispatched Jason Lee and two associates to the Flathead tribes. They, however, settled in the Willamette Valley, ministering to the French-Canadians and the few Indians located there.

In 1835 the American Board sent the Reverend Samuel Parker and young Dr. Whitman into the far West to investigate conditions; convinced that missions were immediately desirable, Dr. Whitman hurried back East, married Narcissa Prentiss, assembled equipment and associates, and a year later reached the Oregon Country and established Waiilatpu.

Homes and schoolhouses were built; the In-

dians were taught to till the soil and instructed in the Book of Life; their women were shown how to become home-makers and their children were enrolled in classes. Dr. Whitman was an energetic worker; in less than three years he had two hundred acres under cultivation with grains, vegetables and fruits.

The mission grew and prospered. The Indians seemed deeply interested in their new friends. The good doctor was regarded by most of them with respect and admiration; the gracious Mrs. Whitman was looked upon by them almost as an angel from heaven. Into her home she adopted orphaned children, both Indians and whites.

A tragic chapter in the story is the death of the Whitmans' only child, little Alice Clarissa, who was accidentally drowned while at play near the cabin.

WHITMAN'S RIDE

About the year 1842 differences of opinion developed among some of the American Board missionaries in the Oregon Country and the Prudential Committee voted to close Waiilatpu, [an order which was later rescinded].

When the stunning news reached Dr. Whitman he immediately prepared to go East and appeal to the Board. Through the mid-winter storms and snow drifts he rode, over long detours to avoid Indians on the war path, breaking the ice at the borders of streams to swim the swift rivers, with frozen feet and fingers he reached St. Louis and then hurried on to Boston by stage.

He rode to save the mission but he rode also to save Oregon! For he visited Washington and convinced Secretary of State Daniel Webster and President Tyler of the value of the Oregon country and its suitability for American settlement. He told of its broad, rich prairies, awaiting the plow, its magnificent rivers filled with fish, its great forests of fine timber, and of its equitable climate.

A hundred years ago this great territory belonged to no nation although several claimed it. By treaty agreement, people of the United States and Great Britain were free to settle the country with the understanding that at the expiration of the treaties, it should become the possession of that nation having the most settlers on the field.

Returning from his Eastern trip, Dr. Whitman guided a great wagon train across the plains: more than a thousand men, women and children with fifteen hundred horses and cattle.

The arrival of this company of settlers marked a turning point in the destiny of Oregon; from that time forward Americans were in an overwhelming majority; in 1846 the vast region from California to British Columbia passed into the undisputed possession of the United States.

The story of the wagon train of '43 is a romantic chapter in American history; invaluable the heroic service Dr. Whitman rendered as guide, physician and encourager of the frequently be-periled company of immigrants.

After the great wagon train of '43 settlers in an ever-increasing stream poured into the region and certain of the Indians became restless and suspicious; they feared the loss of their lands and some of them blamed Dr. Whitman for the invasion. Measles broke out at Waiilatpu in the fall of 1847 and spread rapidly among Indians as well as the whites of whom there were about sixty at the mission. When some of the Indians died, despite Dr. Whitman's treatment, the custom of the savages dictated revenge upon the medicine man.

THE MASSACRE

In a sudden frenzy, on November 29, 1847, a company of disaffected and hostile Indians overawed their more civilized associates and murdered Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and the men and boys connected with the mission, fourteen persons in all.

The fifty women and children were held in captivity for a month until ransomed by a rescue party from Fort Vancouver. Mission buildings were burned, fields were destroyed, orchards were hacked to bits and not one vestige of civilization left to mark the spot where the missionaries had labored with such fidelity.

Dr. Whitman was forty-five years old at the time of the massacre and Mrs. Whitman was thirty-nine. The calm manner in which they met death, ministering unto the end and uttering fervent prayers for their murderers, exalts them to the status of martyrs.

A few days after the massacre a Catholic priest came from the Post and the bodies were given Christian burial. When the soldiers arrived in the spring they found that wolves had opened

the shallow graves and scattered the bones. These were gathered and placed in a common grave; in 1887 they were moved to the site where they now rest.

SOME ENDS OF THE TRAIL

The Whitman massacre ended the American Board work in the Oregon Country. For some years the territory was closed to settlers. Later, when the Indians had been subdued, the Presbyterian Church entered the field and established missions among the tribes, a successful work which endures until this day.

In 1859, the Reverend Cushing Eells, friend and associate of the Whitmans, visited the ruined mission and standing by the neglected graves of the martyrs, dedicated himself to the building of an educational institution as a monument to these heroes of the Cross. Thus began Whitman College, pioneer center of learning and Christian culture.

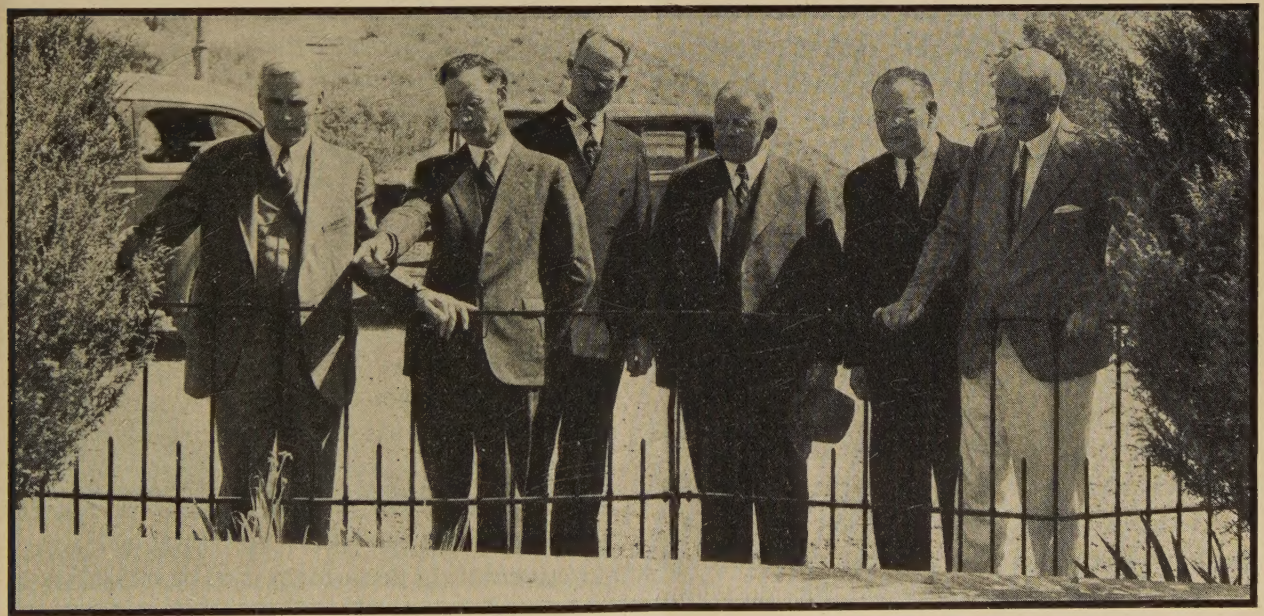
What a change one hundred years have wrought! The vast wilderness has been conquered with broad highways everywhere traversing its hills and valleys; millions now dwell in the states carved out of the original Oregon Country; modern cities, churches, colleges and great universities witness to the vision and faith of intrepid pioneers—men and women who endured hardships and blazed the Westward trails! The spirit of Waiilatpu lives on!

During this centennial year, the service of the Whitmans has been variously appraised; they have been honored as statesmen, agriculturists, educators and patriots; but primarily they were missionaries. Such they eagerly accounted themselves. Humble in spirit, with hearts of compassion for darkened souls, they ventured the wilderness for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the Indians.

Much else they accomplished; the by-products of their enterprise were tremendous. Undoubtedly, it was Dr. Whitman's leadership of the caravan of 1843 that decided the destiny of the Northwest and made it American soil.

But first of all, they were missionaries and as such they suffered hardships incredible, overcame obstacles almost insuperable and met death at the post of duty.

Primarily they were missionaries, not adventurers, not land-seekers, not patriots—but heralds of the Cross, motivated by Christ's spirit of love for needy men! Everlasting glory be theirs—missionary pioneers!



Rev. Clay Palmer, pastor of the Walla Walla (Washington) Church, leads a pilgrimage of Congregationalists to the Whitman grave. From left: Rev. Frank E. Carlson, Oregon Superintendent; Mr. Palmer; Dr. Claton S. Rice, Washington Superintendent; Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, Hartford, Connecticut, President of the American Board; Dr. Raymond B. Walker, First Church, Portland, Oregon, and member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board; Dr. L. O. Baird, Seattle, formerly Superintendent of Washington. The grave is at "Waiilatpu" just outside of Walla Walla.

Pioneers, O Pioneers!

By Rockwell Harmon Potter*

THE history of America is the story of her pioneers. The great wave of the renaissance, breaking into its crest in the reformation, brought the men of England, Scotland and Holland to Virginia and to New England and to New York in the first quarter of the 17th century.

Mighty was the billow that tore those adventuring souls from Northern Europe, bore them over three thousand miles of the raging North Atlantic and landed them on the rocky, barren coasts of our seaboard; behind them death upon the sea, before them the wilderness and the lurking death of the unknown forests; stout hearts beat in their breasts, high courage was in their dauntless spirits!

But the force of the wave was not exhausted. Fifteen years after Plymouth Rock and only five years after Salem and Boston, the pilgrimage began again.

In 1635 and 1636, first the scouts and then companies of settlers moved along the old Bay Path from the shores of Massachusetts Bay into the Connecticut Valley—the first movement on American soil of that mighty tide, the breaking of which on the Pacific slope three thousand miles away we celebrate today after three hundred years.

While you of Old Oregon memorialize the hundred years since Whitman and Spalding made the beginnings of your communities, we of Hartford and Springfield are, this very year, celebrating the coming of Thomas Hooker and William Pynchon and the settlement of our towns three hundred years ago.

But the force of the wave was not exhausted. One hundred years after the settlement of the Connecticut Valley, John Sargeant moved over the Berkshire Hills to preach the Gospel to the Indians at Stockbridge in 1736. The same motive that sent the Pilgrims over seas, that sent John Eliot from Roxbury to Woodstock, Connecticut in 1679, was in the heart of Sargeant as he trod the trails of the Eastern slopes of the old Berkshires.

But the force of the wave was not exhausted. As in the first hundred years of American history the valleys of the seaboard were settled to the Alleghanies and to the Litchfield and Berkshire Hills and to the Green and White Mountains, so in the second hundred years the Western Appalachian slopes and the vast interior valleys and plains of the continent were peopled with homes, farms, schools and churches, towns and cities.

But the force of the wave was not exhausted. In 1835 and 1836, Parker and Whitman, Spalding and Gray took the old Oregon trail. It had been marked and blazed by the same spirit that had been inspiring men of the West for near two thousand years, and far more—that spoke to Abraham on the plains of Chaldea, "Get thee up from thy land and thy kindred,"—and led through Judea and Greece, through Rome and Gaul, through Germany and Britain; across the sea and across America; that same adventurous, undaunted, courageous spirit was in the men and the women whom today we remember with a pride that is humbled as we recall what they did and why they did it. Gathered to rejoice and make merry, our hearts are hushed and challenged.

1636—1736—1836—1936! Domine, Quo Vadis? Whither shall we go now? Westward we look across the sea and behold peoples that cherish cultures which were old when Abraham moved out of Chaldea; whither CAN we go?

THE LESSON OF THE CENTENNIAL

The lesson of the Whitman Centennial is this: our adventuring henceforth is to be not in geography and topography, but in psychology and in sociology; in the fields of politics, economics, education and religion. After all it is always in these fields that the adventure is first made, even though, through the past, it has come to recognition in the trails over seas, deserts and mountains

*Excerpts from the sermon delivered by Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, President of the American Board, at the Whitman Centennial celebration, August 16, 1936, on the text, Hebrews 11:39–40.

and in the settlements on lands before vacant and desolate.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans: Bradford and Winthrop, Hooker and Pynchon, Eliot and Williams were brave first in spirit and then in the flesh. Marcus Whitman and Narcissa Prentiss, Henry Spalding and Eliza Hart dared first in their minds and hearts, and then on the trails and in the covered wagons. For them it was possible to make spiritual adventure evident on the map and over the land.

If we are to be worthy successors in their footsteps and inheritors of their example and honor, we must make pioneer courage evident in our organization of the common life; in the achievement of a finer technique of living; if not in personal character, which seems to us quite impossible, then in social relationships. For, sang a true pilgrim of a past generation:

Marcus Whitman, M.D. This portrait of Marcus Whitman, the first American doctor to practice medicine west of the Rocky Mountains, 1835–1847, was painted by Ernest Ralph Norling of Los Angeles. It was presented to Whitman College on August 13, 1936, by the American Medical Association. The gift was made possible by the contributions of members of the American Medical Association living in the Pacific Northwest.

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth."

In the field of politics we must seek—and those who honestly seek do certainly find—ways of making the true American balance between individual liberty and social well-being as fruitfully effective for our children's children as it was for our fathers' fathers—and more so.

In the field of economics we must dare experimental treatment of the grievous diseases that affect the distribution and use of God's bounty with the same courage and resourcefulness as characterized medical science a hundred years ago in dealing with bodily ills.

In the field of education we must venture every method that gives any promise of making our schools find and win for their highest possible development all the people, while we conserve the values attested by the experience of the generations—thus achieving the real democracy of learning.

In religion we must have faith enough to believe that the way of Jesus for man, in his life for men and with God, is God's way for man, and that man is never fully man only as he follows that way. We must dare to set the Gospel of Jesus free from dependence upon the authority of the institutions or the creed or the literature of yesterday; which we never do until we bring ourselves into subjection to its spirit and its method.

LET US MOVE ON

Whither shall we go? Where He leads, adventuring in the mind and in the spirit on the new frontier of the higher life of mankind.

"All the past we leave behind us,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!

"Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! How loud and clear I hear it wind;
Swift! to the head of the army! swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!"

Together We Go Forward

The churches, the state conferences, and the boards are interdependent

THE local, state, and national organizations through which our fellowship expresses its life do not represent conflicting interests but rather allied forces seeking common goals. One cannot succeed without the other.

Obviously, for state conferences and national boards are dependent upon the local churches for financial support. They can prosper only as the churches prosper.

Less generally recognized is the truth that these larger organizations render a number of necessary services to the local congregation. In the long run the churches cannot get along any better without the boards than the boards can survive without the support of the churches. The relationship is one of mutual give and take. Even from a narrowly selfish point of view it is to the interest of the local church to support the common activities of our fellowship.

In the life of practically every congregation there come times when there is need for expert counsel and advice. It may be in connection with the choice of a location, the erection of a building, the facing of financial difficulties, the choice or the dismissal of a pastor, or the ironing out of internal problems such as almost inevitably arise. Thanks to our state conferences where our churches are strong and to the Church Extension Boards where they are relatively weak, there is a superintendent to whom every church in our fellowship may turn for help in its moment of need. The wiser the church the greater the use which it makes of this service.

The care of its minister is the most direct responsibility resting upon the ordinary church. He is its principal servant. More than any one person he promotes its progress. The salaries which are commonly paid render it impossible for a minister to both educate his children and provide for his old age. It is not fair to ask the last church which a minister happens to serve to care for his declining years. Most churches have a variety of pastors through the years, while most ministers serve a number of churches. The only just arrangement is for all the churches to share in paying this debt of honor to the ministers who have met with disability or old age and who have not been eligible for the Annuity Fund. This our churches do through the Board of Ministerial Relief.

At some time in its history practically every church is harassed by property problems, having to do with the erection or purchase of buildings or the meeting of the resultant mortgage. Many years ago our fathers realized that this was a situation in which mutual help was desirable, and so they organized the Church Building Society. This has been a very present help in time of trouble to many a congregation.

Yet all too often it is thought of as a sort of benevolent Santa Claus dispensing favors from a bottomless sack. Instead, it is a coöperative agency of our churches which can only pay out that which has previously been paid in through gifts or repaid loans.

In the long view of things the greatest need of the local church is for effective methods with which to teach the Christian faith, particularly to the two most impressionable groups—the children and young people.

Obviously the experience and wisdom of all the churches is greater than is that of the local congregation. Through the state conferences and the Education Society we pool our resources in the field of religious education, making available to all the churches whatever has been found to work successfully in any church.

At present the national society is able to afford leadership in three areas; Young Peoples Work, Leadership Training and World Fellowship. Here is where the fellowship of churches should render the most intimate and essential service to the local congregation.

A Church does not live in a vacuum, but is a part of the world round about it. It cannot rise very far above its environment, nor can it dissociate itself from the nation in which it happens to be located. Our churches cannot ignore the educational and moral state of our country.

Many of our state governments have found it to their self-interest to see to it that in every community a certain level of educational opportunity is maintained even though local school money must be supplemented with grants from the state treasury. Behind this practice lies the conviction that ignorance in the Adirondacks will ultimately place burdens even upon the city of New York. The more favored must bear the burdens of the less favored.

Similarly, our churches have been convinced that our country can only maintain its present level of Christian progress as there are available to the people of every community the ministries of an effective church. As state aid seeks to provide a minimum of educational facilities for each community in a state, so home missions endeavor to secure some degree of religious nurture for all the people of our nation.

Through inter-denominational agreements the responsibility for particular areas is gradually being assigned to definite denominations. In our own fellowship, the self-supporting state conferences serve needy communities within their own boundaries, while the Church Extension Boards carry on religious ministries in the sparsely settled and drouth-ridden regions of the West and in sections of the South where the average income is exceedingly scant.

In addition, there are several groups—the Negroes, Indians, Puerto Ricans and Southern Mountaineers—who are a part of our nation but who suffer under unusual disadvantages, and whose need is educational as well as religious. If we are to be one people the best we have must be made available to everyone. Through The American Missionary Association our churches have rendered a conspicuous service to both these groups and to the nation.

But even the selfish concern of our churches cannot stop with our own boundaries. Our prosperity and peace depend upon other nations. We have an economic interest in lifting the standard of living in other lands—which is an inevitable by-product of Christian missions.

Two illustrations of this principle come to mind. The prosperity of the city of Hancock, Michigan, and of our church there is dependent in large measure upon the world price of copper. One factor in this situation has been the low wages of the labor employed in the production of African copper. The higher the standard of living and the higher the wages which the black boys of Africa demand the better is it for Hancock—and Butte.

During the depression the city of Meadville, Pennsylvania, and our church, have been enjoying a mild degree of prosperity because of the flood of business which came to a zipper factory that has been established in the old Meadville Theological Seminary. But recently the Japanese have learned how to manufacture these mysterious substitutes for buttons and hooks and eyes, and have played havoc with the export business of Meadville. Today the employment of children, the length of the working day and the rate of wages paid in Japan are having an immediate effect upon life in Meadville. The more conscience—Christian or otherwise—which Japan develops along these lines the better will it be for northeastern Pennsylvania.

Of course we all have a mighty stake in the peace of the world. The degree in which the nations are willing to follow Christian principles will regulate the sort of lives which our children will live. It is very much to our interest to have the spirit of Christ exemplified in Japan, China, India, Africa and the Near East.

Behind the missionary activities of our churches both at home and abroad there lie certain great problems. One of them is poverty. It is because the farmer gets so little for his crops and the worker such a pittance for his labor that aid must be given to a host of churches.

The curse of racial prejudice makes necessary the schools for Negroes which we maintain in the South and also complicates in a terrible way the work of our missionaries in Africa and India. It is because of our inability to work out a satisfactory system of international relations that we have wars and rumors of wars.

The life of the individual church can never attain either the security or the richness which should be its lot until these problems are solved. In order that we might at least grapple with such difficulties intelligently our fellowship has set up the Council for Social Action.

Thus far we have looked at the relationship

between the local church and our general organizations in a narrowly selfish way. But there is another aspect to this matter.

It is unselfishness which makes a church. A congregation cannot exist unless a group of people are willing to let their desire to give outrun their desire to get. Our generosity is usually in proportion to the seeming largeness of the cause to which we are contributing. The beggar on the corner gets a nickel for a cup of coffee because after all he seems to represent a rather small issue. Colleges receive millions because they represent long-time endeavors to attain great ends.

The success of a church in inspiring its constituency to give depends in considerable degree upon the fashion in which it conceives of its own mission. If it seems to exist merely to somehow pay the preacher, the janitor and the coal bill it will receive only the meager measure of support which such ends suggest. But if it is accepted by its members as the avenue through which they may affect the life of their community, their nation and the world in a fundamental way there will inevitably be a more liberal response.

The greatest service of our boards to the local church is to supply it with a national and a world background for its activities. The church which lives for itself degenerates into a pious lecture association; the church which shares in our common endeavors for a better nation and a finer world becomes the local representative of the Kingdom of God. Missions help to lift the life of the local church to the highest possible level. They are essential if it is to come into its greatest strength. Missions magnify the local church.

This is to Certify
That Doct Marcus Whitman
is an assistant missionary to Indian
tribes West of the State of Missouri
under the direction of the
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.
Boston Mass. Feb 17 1835
R. Anderson
David Greene
Secretary
JOHN P. HARTMAN.

Photostatic copy, sent us by John P. Hartman of Seattle, Washington, of the original presented to Dr. Marcus Whitman. It was not destroyed in the fire that at the time of the massacre razed many mission buildings, but was preserved by Henry Harmon Spalding who, near the close of his life, committed it to Rev. George F. Whitworth, the first Presbyterian minister to the Northwest, who in turn, on his eighty-seventh birthday, delivered it as a sacred trust to Mr. Hartman, enjoining him to find a final depository for it about one hundred years from the time it was executed (with pen and ink). Whitman College becomes its possessor.

The Southern Mill Village

The Problems it Offers our Churches

THE old geographies told us that the South was a rural region where cotton and tobacco grew and the people lived either in isolated country cabins or in well-shaded country towns clustered about a nice old courthouse.

Today something very different greets us when we motor through the "Old South." Now and again as the road turns we are confronted with a high wire fence behind which stretches a vast squat structure emblematic of modern industrialism. Even at night one hears the clack-clack of loom and the rain-like sound of spindle at unexpected spots about the countryside.

Happily, in the South one finds the machine age in a rather aesthetic mood. There is none of the dreary monotone of many a northern industrial city. A genial climate encourages the growing of flowers and the trimming of lawns, while both paint and glass have been used with a liberal hand. One can give thanks for much color and an abundance of sunshine.

The homes of the workers are hard by their place of employment. These are not tenements in the traditional sense, but great flocks of bungalows assembled in more or less military array. Such variety as these "mill towns" possess is due to the four or five different sets of floor plans and the seven or eight hues of paint which "the company" has used in their erection. Usually the occupants have a garden lot.

The degree of industrialization, from Virginia on the north to Alabama on the west, is astonishing. Although tobacco, steel, and a variety of smaller manufacturing developments have shared in this movement, the textile industry has had the most spectacular growth. Until the beginning of the present century New England was responsible for ninety per cent of the cotton cloth produced in this country. About that time a migration of cotton mills to the South began which continued unabated until 1930. By 1922 there were more cotton spindles in the South than in the North. It is estimated that $100,000,000 of New England mill capital moved to the Southland between 1923 and 1927.

This new development did not take place in large cities, mainly, of which the South has few, but in the open country, the small town, and adjacent to cities of from five to twenty thousand population. To a surprising degree it has been a process of rural industrialization. Most of the mills have been located in what is known as the Piedmont—a hilly region lying between the farm lands and coastal plain on one side and the mountains on the other. The largest development has been in North Carolina, but Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama have shared in the movement.

The advantages of a warm climate, nearness to the raw materials and the abundance of water power have helped to attract industry to the South. Another factor in the situation has been an unlimited supply of workers who were unskilled but eager for work and so tractable.

To the casual visitor a cotton mill appears to be a place where the machine has mastered man. The use of power machinery has made it possible for twenty-five weavers operating two hundred looms to produce as much cloth as sixty thousand craftsmen working in their homes. In many mills one sees row after row of machinery with here and there a lonely looking worker whose function is to start and stop the various processes, and keep a sharp eye open for accidents. Quite obviously the major investment is in mechanism rather than in man.

The textile industry pays unusually high salaries to the men at the top, while the technical experts and a few skilled workers, such as the dyers, get good wages. But the ordinary mill job requires little in the way of formal education, is soon learned, and has not demanded great physical strength in the past. (But with the "stretch-out" and increasing speed more enduring strength is being required.) The result is that between thirty-five and forty per cent of the workers are women, while the last census reported over 100,000 children between the ages of ten and seventeen as employed in cotton mills, most of them in the South. (All are sixteen and above in the Chattahoochee Valley.)

Of all the larger manufacturing industries, textiles pay the lowest wages. The average

Company Houses at Lanett, Alabama

weekly wage is reported as $16.50. In this are included many of the more expert and highly paid workers. Even under the NRA in 1934 fifty-six per cent of the workers in southern mills were paid less than $10 a week. In one average mill village the ordinary wage was given as $12.50 a week, with the company rather expecting that there would be at least two workers from every family. And even at these rates work has been irregular.

To complete the picture it should be said that company housing has given the people low rents, that some food is a bit cheaper than in the north, and that the warm climate makes it possible to do with less in the way of both fuel and clothing than in other sections of the country.

Perhaps the saddest commentary that can be made on life in the South is that even at such wages workers have flocked to the mills. For most of its inhabitants the mill village marks an improvement over that which they have previously known. These people are not immigrants from abroad or Negroes stepping "up from slavery." Rather do they come of good Anglo-Saxon stock. Their ancestors have been in America for at least a century and a half.

Waiting for Sunday School at Lanett, Alabama

The workers in the southern cotton mills have been recruited from the surrounding farms, and are steeped in the traditions of country life. They are intense individualists, and have been slow to take up with labor organizations. The older people have had scant educational opportunities. Many suffer from malnutrition due to the prevailing very limited diet which counts greatly for lower food costs. Probably the mill work is as healthy as similar employment anywhere, and yet many of the people seem to be anything but robust. This is due to their physical inheritance and their total manner of life. A well balanced diet of good food with proper medical attention would do much for them. Even with these odds the mill villages have some good athletic teams.

Cotton Mills at Lagrange, Georgia

Among the other traditions which these people have brought from their rural homes is a large degree of loyalty to the church. They are well disposed towards religion, and are usually good church goers. Yet the mill town church faces a number of perplexing problems, among them the disorganization of family life by the three-shift arrangement of working hours.

To a surprising degree it is a class institution. This is probably more a matter of geography than intent on anybody's part. The mill workers live in company houses in a district pretty much by themselves. It is not the custom for them to go "up town" to the more pretentious places of

worship ordinarily attended by the superintendents, the white collar help, and the professional people of the community. If they did venture into these churches most would not feel at home for a variety of reasons. The result is that mill village people and only mill village people attend a mill village church.

Obviously this situation creates financial difficulties for a church. When the average family —which is often large—has an income of only twenty-five dollars a week, it takes a lot of contributors to raise even a meager budget. Given a constituency of individualists many of whom have intense denominational loyalties, and large congregations are hard to assemble. Most mill town churches have moderate-sized followings.

Often the mills endeavor to help this situa-

A Class of Girls at Lagrange, Georgia

tion by giving some form of assistance to the churches. A common practice is to assign one of the better company houses to each pastor as a "parsonage." In addition there is often a cash grant of some sort. Sometimes each church in the community receives the same subsidy; in other cases the grant is in proportion to the budget which the congregation raises.

Such arrangements make life easier for the minister. They may betoken a sense of responsibility on the part of the mills for the total life of their workers. But they also tend either directly or indirectly to ally the church with the mills. The minister wonders if he is a free moral agent. He suspects that any militant preaching of the social gospel would place his livelihood in jeopardy. This is not an ideal arrangement.

The class nature of the mill village church creates another difficulty. In the ordinary con-

Company House at Albemarle, North Carolina

gregation there is a scattering of professional people who can be counted upon for leadership, particularly in the conduct of the church school. But in the average church the people have just one occupation, and that not of a nature to train them for teaching the young. Usually there is plenty of native ability, but little specialized skill along the lines which a church needs.

The young people constitute both the greatest problem and the greatest opportunity of these churches. There are plenty of them. We need not worry about race suicide among mill workers. These boys and girls enjoy better educational opportunities than were available for their parents.

But what then? Shall they go into the mills and become "hands" like their fathers and mothers and a very few go to textile schools? Shall they follow the prevailing custom, marry young, and raise more children to do the same? Or shall they seek something for themselves?

[*Continued on page 506*]

Our Church at Albemarle, North Carolina

Hold It, Christians!

Inspired Followers of Christ, United, Can Do This

Peace at the Point of a Gun

By Alfred Schmalz

We have discovered, in suffering, that the attempt to build superior armaments results simply in a race in armaments, whose end-result is war. It is still to be proved that peace can be imposed at the point of a gun.

Let us make a quick survey of our experience.

Long before 1914 nations had recognized that singly they could not expect to become strong enough to impose peace upon their neighbors. So they were driven into military alliances.

Neither side had overwhelming superiority, nor could it achieve superiority at the expense of the other. The consequence was that it became impossible to impose peace by the threat of force.

In 1919 another, and a more extensive, experiment was made. The League of Nations was constructed upon the principle of economic and military sanctions against a violator of the peace. It was expected that with all the world united against a single breaker of the peace, the odds against him would be too overwhelming and he would quickly be brought to terms.

Unfortunately the nations lacked unity of purpose and of foreign policy. Consequently they could not stand together in the day of crisis against Japan, Italy, or Germany.

It is in the light of this experience that we should judge the suggestion being made in many quarters today that the great democracies, particularly the United States and Great Britain, should join forces to police the world and enforce peace.

Recently Lady Astor, member of Parliament, declared, "Unless England and America stand together there will be chaos in the world. They would be a sort of moral police force, and would say to belligerent countries, 'Well, here we stand.' It would have a sobering effect. . . . "

And Lord Beaverbrook, publisher of the London *Daily Express,* in an article in the August *American Mercury,* urged the creation of a military alliance between the two nations. "In that association," he writes, "we shall be unassailable, for no possible coalition of hostile nations could equal our strength."

The proposal assumes, plainly, that Americans and Englishmen are superior people to whom should be entrusted the task of preserving Christian civilization. It may be, of course, that these two peoples will have the opportunity to maintain democracy against the sweeping dictatorship of fascism. But this is not what is usually meant. Not far beneath the surface of the minds of those who plead for joint action to impose peace is the desire to maintain the status quo. And that means empire.

We must be honest enough to admit that the love of peace which now moves Americans and Englishmen to much sentimental oratory comes rather late in the history of their two nations, and at a time when each has managed to establish its control over a large land area rich in resources.

Our pacifism has often been justly described as the pacifism of the gorged lion, who having had his fill wants to be left alone and is content to leave others alone. Morally superior as we sometimes believe ourselves to be, we still tend to ask no embarrassing moral questions about our empires. We take it for granted that we have a just claim to the resources we have gobbled up by force, and want peace within the limits of the present territorial and economic arrangements.

We want our empires. We also want peace. It is doubtful whether we can have both. Perhaps we shall try to keep both by seeking superiority in arms against any possible coalition. But let us not be blind to the fact that nations will rise up against us, and that they will have much justice on their side. They will not forever consent to a division of raw materials and markets which keeps them out in the cold.

Peace is not a problem involving the policeman alone. It involves the judge. Even if we could impose peace against the nations deprived of a fair opportunity, the question still remains —certainly for religious people—whether such a peace is right.

There is another question. Do these two nations really have common interests?

Of course, to a certain extent they do. Americans and Englishmen speak the same language. They both subscribe to the theory and practice

of democracy. They both think of themselves as peace-loving peoples (though history contradicts that). Actually, however, their national interests do not flow in the same channels.

It will not be easy to convince the peoples of these two countries that they should fight one another's battles.

It is doubtful whether the United States would be eager to support England if some power threatened her dominance in the Mediterranean. Propaganda makes all things possible. But Americans would never bind themselves in time of peace to send troops and ships to defend the outposts of the British empire.

Another item that would stand in the way of such joint action to impose peace on the world is the cost which it would involve for the two peoples. That cannot easily be estimated. It would, however, be a colossal tax burden, under which ordered society might crash in revolution.

At the present time our navy is not large enough to challenge Japan in Asiatic waters, but already it costs us over a half billion dollars annually. If we were to commit ourselves to being the world's policeman, the cost of armaments would be prohibitive.

The fact is that we are headed in the wrong direction when we try to devise ways of imposing peace on the world. It matters little whether we try to do it singly (there are those who think the United States should take the entire task unto herself), whether we do it in concert with Great Britain, or whether we attempt it through a world or regional league of nations. It is a policy doomed to failure. For peace can be established only upon justice.

The world's problem today is to discover ways of easing the economic strain which is the basic cause of war. Japan, Germany, Italy, from whom comes the present threat of war, cannot be permanently kept under at the point of a gun.

The only solution for the problem which they present is the readiness of such nations as the United States and Great Britain to seek means of easing economic strains. When goods cannot move across frontiers, armies will. Peoples who feel economically oppressed are going to try to break through the crust of that oppression by an appeal to force. Not more guns but greater justice alone will meet that crisis.

The responsibility which the great democracies face is not that of protecting their empires against the rest of the world. Theirs is the responsibility of building the coöperative commonwealth, in which nations can live as brothers because they live in justice. This day will not come quickly. But its coming will be forever prevented by a continued reliance upon arms.

The Southern Mill Village [*Continued from page 503*]

The economic pressure upon mill workers is so great that it is not easy for their boys and girls to attend high school, while a college education is far beyond their purchasing power.

Where there is a high school, if one of its students is an outstanding athlete, some college will take him up and "the company" is glad of this "reflected glory." At times, a student will borrow from the mill.

The tragedy which eats at the heart of the minister of such a church is that so many young people are swallowed up by the mill. On the other hand he knows the joy of helping boys and girls to cherish the flame of ambition and to claim for themselves something better from life. Youth is his hope.

Our Congregational and Christian fellowship touches a number of mill-town situations. For many years the Church Extension Boards have assisted the church at Albemarle, North Carolina. Here the missionary apportionment is always met, a high standard of religious education is maintained, and the church property is being improved.

At Lagrange, Georgia, the United Congregational-Christian church has had a large constituency in the past. In Phenix City, Alabama, we have a church which is almost wholly maintained by young people. The Christian Church at Lanett, Alabama, ministers to a group of mill people who are better paid than the average, and is entirely self-supporting. Other mill churches are at Tallassee and Langdale, Alabama, Greensboro, Danville, Haw River, Ramseur, Altamahaw, Hopedale, and Reidsville, North Carolina, Columbus, Georgia.

The Whitman Centennial

Wedding Scene in the Whitman Pageant

THE coming of Dr. Marcus Whitman and party to the Northwest and the establishment of Waiilatpu Mission, events of 1836, were the inspiration of a great centennial celebration held in mid-August in the city of Walla Walla, Washington, located six miles from the old mission site.

The past lived again! Modern city streets were rebuilt, log-cabin fronts giving the appearance of pioneer structures; displays of early day relics converted shop windows into museums; citizens were resplendent in frontier finery, women and misses in the demure multi-petticoated dresses and "Mother Hubbards" of 1850.

By means of colorful parades and magnificent pageantry, the reel of history was turned back and the progress of a hundred years reviewed: the transformation of the uncharted wilderness into one of America's most prosperous sections. Long lines of covered wagons drawn by slow-moving oxen; frontier stage-coaches dashing through the prairie dust; the pony express; horses, pack-mules and Indians (and what exhibitions of horsemanship!), all formed part of the picture. There, too, was the first "iron horse" that had steamed into the valley, brought back for the occasion from the Railroad's museum.

Behind the pageantry of covered wagons and the fun and frivolity aroused by pioneer scenes enacted in a modern setting, was the deeper significance of a people's recognition of their priceless heritage; for the Centennial honored Dr. Marcus Whitman, pioneer medical missionary and first practising physician west of the Rockies, and his lovely wife, Narcissa, the first homemaker. They were trail-blazers of American civilization in the Pacific Northwest. Dr. Whitman's indomitable courage and vision were responsible above every other factor in winning the Oregon Country and making it American soil.

"Wagons West," a magnificent pageant, depicted the romantic story from the first invasion of the white man—the Lewis and Clark Expedition led by the Indian maiden, Sacajawea—on through a century of development. Stirring scenes from the past were reproduced before 50,000 spellbound spectators.

As the purple shadows of twilight fell over the distant reaches of hill country, 3,000 actors on a 700 foot stage dramatized the romantic and tragic story of Marcus Whitman and of those who followed him to bring civilization to Old Oregon. A chorus of 300 trained voices and a Symphony Orchestra of 60 provided a musical background of thrilling grandeur.

With reverent skill, episodes from the Whitmans' career were reproduced: their marriage in the church at Angelica, New York, February 18, 1836, at the close of evening worship, and the touching missionaries' farewell when the bride, Narcissa, resumed her accustomed place in the choir and bravely sang through the closing hymn while her friends, grieving over her departure, found it impossible to sing; the hazardous trek across the wilderness, a little band of intrepid souls braving

An Arnold Photo

The Grand Finale of the impressive Pageant staged at the Whitman Centennial in Walla Walla, Washington, August 13–16, 1936

the unknown; the arrival at the Hudson's Bay Company fort on the Columbia River and the subsequent establishment of Waiilatpu in the Valley of the Walla Walla; life at the mission with its ministry to the natives as well as the stream of immigrants pouring into the new country; Dr. Whitman's leadership of the great wagon train of '43, beset by hostile Indians (a thrilling spectacle which even Hollywood could not have excelled!); the Indian wars; the terrible massacre and destruction of the mission.

Then followed Cushing Eells' dedication to a memorial worthy of the martyrs and the founding of Whitman College; the influx of settlers and the rapid transformation of the wilderness into one of America's garden spots, a fertile empire now dotted with prosperous villages and great cities. Truly a magnificent spectacle—"Wagons West"—depicting the romance of the winning of the West!

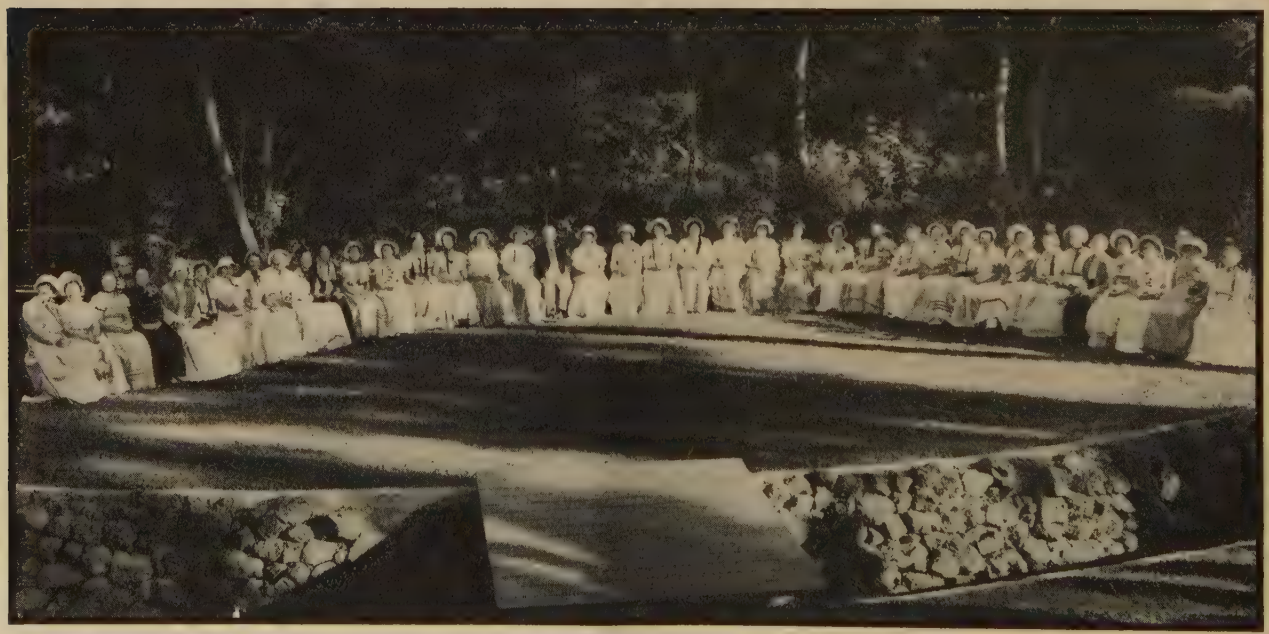
More than a local program was the Whitman Centennial. The American Medical Association, assisted by Pacific Coast branches, honored Dr. Whitman as the first practising physician of the West; distinguished medical men were present and reviewed a century of scientific progress and on behalf of their Association presented to Whitman College an idealized portrait of the Pioneer Doctor.

Narcissa Prentiss Whitman was honored as the pioneer mother and homemaker; the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Association of University Women and the National Federation of Music Clubs sponsored one day's program with significant messages.

Pioneer and Historical Societies had their day and united in a review of Northwest development, retelling the fascinating story of the conquest of the frontier.

The Whitman Centennial was, however, more than the observance of an anniversary; it was a recognition of spiritual values, and the climax was reached on Sunday with religious services under the auspices of national bodies of the Congregational and Presbyterian fellowships. The American Board, at the time it commissioned the Whitmans to carry the Gospel to the Indians, was the joint society of these denominations; national leaders of both united in paying tribute to the Christian pioneers.

Dr. Mark Matthews of Seattle was spokesman for the Presbyterian General Assembly. Sunday morning was given over to the Congregationalists with a great out-door service in Pioneer Park, the Reverend Roy A. Welker, pastor of First Church, Bay Shore, Long Island, New York, presenting the greetings of the General Council and Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, of Hartford, Connecticut, president of the American Board, delivering the centennial sermon; Northwest leaders in our fellowship shared in the conduct of worship. Dr. Potter's presentation of the challenge of a priceless spiritual heritage is reproduced else-



Centennial Pioneer Mothers, seated in the beautiful amphitheater of Whitman College where many of the Centennial programs were given. These young women represent forty Northwest cities coöperating in the Whitman anniversary observance.

Seated in left center: Professor Howard M. Driggs, New York University, President of the Oregon Trail Association, and one of the Centennial speakers.

where in this issue of THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

A high point in spiritual experience was the sunrise pilgrimage to the graves of the martyred missionaries. On a hill above the mission site, beside the Whitman memorial —a shaft of chaste marble piercing the sky against the background of the Blue Mountains—a group gathered at dawn for prayer and meditation under the inspired leadership of Dr. Claton S. Rice, superintendent of the Washington Conference and the delegated representative to the celebration of the Home Boards.

It was a never-to-be forgotten hour. Morning shadows shortening before the ascending sun; a veil of mystic purple hanging over far mountain ranges; the valley of living green, a miracle of fertility wrought by irrigation, surrounded by hills barren and brown; the silence of the mid-summer dawn broken by the lowing of distant cattle and the exuberant song of meadow-larks; on that same hill Marcus Whitman had stood a hundred years before, surveying a vast wilderness and locating the site of his future home.

Thought inevitably turned to another dawn eleven years later—the peace of the valley disrupted by the mad cries of the savages striking down with bloody tomahawks their friends and benefactors, the confusion of the war dance, the rising flames as the torch was applied to mission buildings; and again silence, the silence of death—smoldering ashes and the still bodies of the martyrs and far down the valley a cloud of dust, the Indians riding away with their captives.

Today at the site of the old mission can be traced the contour of earthworks surrounding Whitman's mill-pond, and after a hundred years, his irrigation ditches are plainly visible. Waiilatpu is now being restored by the Historical Sites Commission of the federal government and will become a national park. Replicas of the buildings are to be constructed and the entire mission reproduced as it was in 1847, the year of the massacre. Part of the purpose of the Whitman Centennial Association is the maintenance of the restored mission as a shrine of patriotism and religion.

Beautiful and tender sentiment was incorporated in the idea of the Pioneer Mothers, official hostesses of the Centennial celebration and an important feature of the event. These were forty young women representing the larger cities of the Pacific Northwest, chosen by contests in their communities, only those being eligible who were descendents of pioneers of covered wagon days, were between the ages of 28 and 39, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman's age during her life at Waiilatpu, and who were themselves mothers. Costumed in styles of Narcissa's own day, they formed a lovely and colorful part of the Centennial setting.

Thus was commemorated the remarkable service of Marcus Whitman and his heroic wife; citizens of Walla Walla, members of the Whitman College staff, civic and religious leadership of the entire Northwest united in shaping a significant program and rendering worthy tribute to American Board missionaries whose names are forever enshrined in the annals of Pacific Coast history.

These old mission buildings at Waiilatpu are to be restored preparatory to turning over the ground to the Federal Government for a Whitman National Monument

Whitman College and the Centennial

By W. A. Bratton

DR. Stephen B. L. Penrose, President Emeritus of Whitman College, in whose forty years of notable service as its president the College achieved much of its great reputation, probably has enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than any other person in the months of preparation and in the successful completion of the Centennial celebration commemorating the arrival of the Whitmans in the Oregon country, the establishment of their home, the birth of their child, and the laying of the foundations of the splendid civilization which the Pacific Northwest has achieved during the century.

As a young man completing his preparation for the ministry at Yale Dr. Penrose joined with a group of other similar minded young ministers who decided to invest their lives in the Pacific Northwest. Enthused by the story of Whitman College, he undertook its presidency at a time when its continued existence was seriously in doubt. He was then the youngest college president in the United States, and during the forty-two years since he has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the task of college building.

The history of the founding of many of the endowed Christian colleges in the United States show them to have started in the zeal, courage and intelligent sacrifice of missionaries. But among them all there is no story which surpasses that of Whitman in its combination of important history, sublime faith and stirring romance. "The college founded by a saint in memory of a hero" are the words used by Dr. Penrose to characterize it.

After the massacre of the Whitman party in 1847 the territory east of the Cascade Mountains in old Oregon was closed to settlement until 1858. Then Cushing Eells, fellow missionary, friend and profound admirer of Whitman, came back to the site of the mission at Waiilatpu, stood by the great grave and as in a vision perceived the growth destined to follow in this Inland Empire. He then and there resolved to devote himself to the task of building as a monument to his hero an institution of education.

Think of it! Standing alone in the midst of the great waste where he could see nothing other than apparently permanent desert, he decided to build a college for the service of a population which did not exist. It seemed a dream without possibility of realization.

But not so to Cushing Eells. He proceeded at once to gather a board of trustees, applied to the Territorial Legislature of Washington, and in 1859 secured a charter for the institution. Year after year, with no school building, no young people to use it if there had been one, he had his board of trustees meet, some of them coming hundreds of miles on horseback, to consider plans for what he called Whitman Seminary.

In 1866 a considerable population had settled in the Walla Walla valley and the Seminary was opened, giving instruction to pupils of all grades. In Whitman Seminary, which existed from 1866 to 1882, some of the leading men and women of the Northwest received their instruction.

In 1882 a new step forward seemed possible. Dr. A. J. Anderson, who was then President of the University of Washington at Seattle, was called to the presidency of Whitman College. A new charter was obtained and a new curriculum, modeled after those of the leading New England colleges, was set up. Under Dr. Anderson's leadership the College prospered and in the lists of this period are found the names of many of the Pacific Northwest's foremost citizens.

But its leadership having changed in 1891, its life was almost lost in the great depression of the 90's. When Dr. Penrose assumed the presidency in 1894, the material assets of the College consisted of a small tract of land given by Dr. D. S. Baker, three wooden buildings, and an indebtedness of $12,500. It had, however, the inspiration of the vision of Cushing Eells, the sound educational structure established by President Anderson, and the good will of far-sighted citizens.

In Dr. Penrose the trustees of the College found a man who was able to evaluate these spiritual assets and who had the courage and ability to set in action a program for securing the material resources necessary for the continuous development of a college adapted to influence effectively and favorably the whole higher educational system of the Pacific Northwest.

This brief article is not the place to attempt a description of the development of the College in the nearly half century since Dr. Penrose assumed the presidency. It has now seven brick buildings, two fine residences, about fifty acres of beautiful campus, including adequate playing fields and a concrete stadium, about six hundred selected students well distributed in residence over the four Pacific Northwest states, a faculty and staff of seventy, an endowment of something over a million which has withstood the depression in a satisfactory way, and a field of service with demands far greater than its present facilities enable it to meet.

Student Leaders Move Forward

By Alden H. Clark

For a week in early September Oberlin was the scene of a meeting of student Christian leaders bound to have far-reaching effects on the campuses of America. Less than a hundred in all, they were nevertheless representative of the principal student Christian organizations—the National Intercollegiate Christian Council of the combined Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and the General Council of the Student Volunteer Movement—and therefore significant.

The University Commission of the Council of Church Boards of Education, which deals with the denominational activities on the campuses and which also met at Oberlin, had a representative in the earlier meetings.

These delegates from every area represented great divergences of background and point of view. Free expression given the differences, at first very disturbing to some, did not prevent the development of an increasing sense of fundamental unity.

Meeting separately to conduct their own business, the first three organizations met together for a number of sessions; listened to some remarkable messages from Dr. W. A. Visser't Hooft, the dynamic and able Chairman of the World Student Christian Federation, from Robert Machie, Secretary of the British Student Movement, and from John R. Mott; and considered together a report of a joint commission on "The World Mission of Christianity" which had been working hard on the subject for a year.

The meeting with which I was identified was that of the General Council of the Student Volunteer Movement, particularly significant because called to consider the whole problem of the future of the Movement. Thirty additional representative student workers came to advise with the Council on this problem in an open forum.

Utter frankness marked discussions. It was clearly pointed out that the Movement is in large areas scarcely represented; that even where there are Student Volunteer groups they sometimes tend to aloofness from other movements; that mission boards often go outside the Movement in seeking candidates since many of the strongest students who can be interested in specific calls have not signed the Student Volunteer declaration.

The conclusion of the forum, fully accepted by the Student Volunteer Council, was that if the cause of world-wide Christianity is to be adequately represented on the campus the Movement must be more closely integrated with all the agencies working there, but that there is still need of such a special agency to help keep alive a world vision and to appeal to men and women to be prepared to give their lives in service in distant places. Its organization can be simplified; its work must go on.

The Movement made overtures to the National Intercollegiate Christian Council, asking that the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. should join with all other interested bodies in an effort to evolve an adequate plan of work in the interest of world Christianity. The Council agreed to this. The University Commission of the Council of Church Boards also responded cordially, and a representative committee was appointed to plan and promote this united program.

The principal student leaders warmly welcomed the move to bring the missionary question into the heart of their program. The student movements needed the cutting edge of the missionary appeal to deepen and strengthen their work, they said.

A very considerable difference between our situation and that in other countries is the strength of the denominational churches and church houses on our larger American campuses. Definite steps were taken at Oberlin to see that these were more fully recognized as a part of a common student movement allied to the World Christian Student Federation. The various groups felt that they must bring about a closer coordination of the entire Christian approach to the campus in order to make it effective. Great Britain has a strong united student Christian movement—we need one here.

This account of the successful efforts at Oberlin toward bringing all Christian agencies on the campus together has seemed worth while because the marked division between these activities has been a discouraging fact about student work in recent years. Often students active in campus Christian Associations have had no interest in the church, regarding it as so reactionary as to have little relation to the great vital problems of modern life: peace, interracial relations, industrial justice. Christians, to make their Christian influence effective, must needs work through the Church and help to revitalize it.

The most significant outcome of the Oberlin meeting, however, was the strong and positive conception of Christianity to which it gave expression. If Christianity in the modern world is to meet effectively other totalitarian appeals it must have a strong spiritual unity of its own which shall transcend its differences and bind its members together as they face their stupendous task.

Characteristic of this idea was the

Psychology of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

form in which the missionary appeal seemed to grip the delegates at Oberlin. The "building of a world Christian community," not "missions," as such, was the ideal that kindled them. Such a world community might fulfil a destiny no lesser Christian body could aspire to.

Together with these revived convictions came a fresh realization that Christianity itself must become more articulate and positive on our campuses than it has been in these postwar years.

These student leaders are coming to realize that a vague ethical program is not enough to meet the challenge of the present world. A Christian dynamic adequate to our day must find its source, not in any program, but in the character of God. His will to establish a world community is the source of power for Christian work.

This new emphasis on the effort to know and follow the will of God, in place of the centering of student work in the carrying through of programs of many sorts seemed to me to be the central fact of the Oberlin meeting. As the report of the Commission on the World Mission of Christianity put it: "Apart from the response of men to the call of God, the Christian community . . . cannot exist."

Those who attended these meetings went away with deepened faith and renewed courage. The religious life of the colleges has in this postwar period given thoughtful Christians great concern. Much influential scientific teaching tended to secularism; college preaching did not grip; Christian movements languished.

A distinct change for the better came about two or three years ago. Scientific teaching has become increasingly congenial to the Christian attitude; preaching has been deeper and stronger; student Christian movements are becoming more vital.

The Oberlin meetings clearly expressed these new tendencies. It was under their impulse that steps were taken toward the coördination of the Christian forces for more effective service.

For the Pilgrim Fellowship

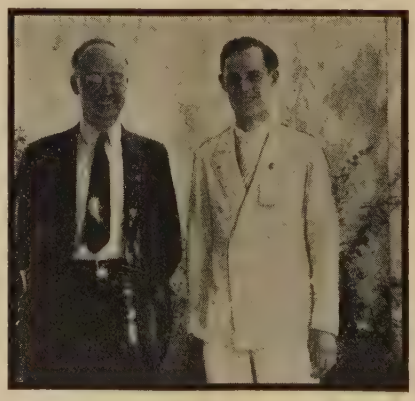
By Harry T. Stock

Instead of the usual Program Pointers I am giving you a letter to Miss Eldredge from a Lakeside delegate, Louis Newman of Berkeley, California

This letter should really turn out to be a book, considering the length of time after Lakeside and the number of things that have been getting under way out here. You will find in general that my theme is "Christian Youth Building a New World," and not "A Bigger and Better Pilgrim Fellowship." Not that the latter isn't entirely a laudable theme —it is—but Lakeside has made me greatly desirous of seeing our church people not only look over their denominational fences, but climb over them.

I can't tell you everything that is happening out here, but I shall try to include everything in which I am involved at first or second hand—in chronological order, if possible.

At the Asilomar Conference, Reva Galvin gave a report on what the Pilgrim Fellowship had accomplished at Lakeside. (This was during the week of July 26.) I spoke on "Christian Youth Building a New World," and tried to show how little we were actually doing in that direction. After seeing Kagawa, and Mrs. Pak and Art Cassaday, and others back there, I felt about an inch tall myself. . . . I think the talk did some good. About ten or a dozen people signed up as representatives in their communities for the social action committee. Eleanor Darr of Branciforte Drive in Santa Cruz is the chairman. Will you send her any material you can that she can send out to other groups, or at least tell them about?



Harry Stock (left) stands by Walter Staves of Coe College, President of the Iowa Pilgrim Fellowship, and Vice-President of the recent Christian Youth Conference at Lakeside, Ohio

I have written two articles (about 500 words each) for the Co-operator, mimeosheet put out in Oakland for the co-operatives. One of these was on the Lakeside Conference in general; the other, on consumers' co-operatives as treated in the Lakeside report.

E. T. Sherman, who was then at Lodi, arranged for me to speak at a union service in the Methodist church up there on August 23rd. The Methodists, Christians, Congregationalists met together. My topic was, "Building a New World" —along the same line as the Asilomar talk, but adapted to a mixed audience.

The Inter-Church Council (representing about nine college-age groups of churches around the University) has taken "Christian Youth Building a New World" as their

A Proclamation

Whereas, in the Providence of God, our land has been blessed with Peace and a return of Prosperity, we do invite all Churches in our Congregational and Christian fellowship to observe Sunday, November 22, 1936, as a Holy Sabbath set apart for the Giving of Thanks to the Giver of all Good Gifts.

Remembering that the bountiful possessions and manifold pleasures which we enjoy in our day are ours only because Our Fathers lived sacrificially and built enduring foundations for our Heritage, we do recognize our responsibility as Custodians of the Pilgrim Spirit and in this Season of Thanksgiving do rededicate ourselves and our churches to the task of making a Christian America and sharing with all nations our experience of God made known unto men through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thus for the Sake of Little Children who are deprived of health and shorn of opportunity of education, for the sake of Youth who seek a Nobler Way, for the sake of Churches in drought afflicted areas of our land and in isolated places of our nation, for the sake of Men and Women in Other Lands who do not know that our fathers' God is their Father also, and for the sake of the Ambassadors of the Christ, our missionaries, who with sacrificial love by word and deed do show the Love of Jesus at the crossroads of the world.

Therefore, Be It Declared that this year the most appropriate expression of Thanksgiving is the giving. Thus mindful of the urgent needs in our Home and Foreign Mission Fields, we do urge all members of our Fellowship to give a Special Offering for Missions and Benevolences on Sunday, November 22, as a service of Thanks with Giving to our God of Love and thus to rededicate anew our faith in the transforming power of Jesus Christ our Lord in the lives of men in all nations throughout the world.

Resolved, that this special Thank Offering for Missions and Benevolences is to be counted on the apportionment goal of each church, to be divided among the State Conferences and Home and Foreign Mission agencies in accord with the apportionment percentages. Authorized by the Missions Council of Congregational and Christian Churches of the United States of America in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-six.

Rodney W. Roundy, Representing the Council of State Conference Superintendents

Fred Field Goodsell, Executive Vice President,
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

William F. Frazier, Executive Vice President,
Home Boards of Congregational and Christian Churches

Leonard M. Outerbridge, Executive Secretary

Copies of this Proclamation and Special Thank Offering envelopes may be secured free by writing to the Missions Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago, or 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

theme for the year. They are trying to set up as many commissions as possible on the different divisions of the movement. Thus far the Peace Commission is the most active. It includes several members of the Emergency Peace Campaign. I am taking part in it, as well as helping to direct the deputation trips of the Council in general. We have been to three groups so far: Baptist Church in Richmond, Methodist in Oakland, and—I've forgotten what church the group went to before I joined them. There are several other speaking engagements in prospect. The Peace Commission is also to put on a 15-minute radio play on peace over KRE, Berkeley, on the 29th. I went over to the National Council for the Prevention of War office in San Francisco, the other day. The secretary, while having nothing suitable in the way of a play, offered to send to the Washington office. She also gave me a lot of sample material on peace which we can get on consignment to take on our deputation trips.

Plymouth House is planning deputation trips. I urged them to enlist under "Christian Youth"—and to use "We Would Be Building" to start a germ of unity among the groups they reached. I think they will probably do this. Fred Morrow is planning to get a hundred copies of the hymn to paste in the hymnals that are used in the high school and college groups. The parents of one of the fellows in the Peace Commission (inter-church) also offered to pay for a hundred copies to be used by the inter-church deputation teams.

On October 4, there will be an inter-church mass meeting of the young people.

The Peace Commission is trying to promote a University sponsored peace meeting about November 10.

That—oh, wait a minute. That isn't all, either. I have two invitations to speak on peace—to a group of about 35 at a boarding-house, and to a college sophomore group at the Y.M. in about three weeks. The latter is to be a discussion, rather than a talk.

Success to your work, and God bless us every one!

"Let Brotherly Love Continue"

The Whole Story in Two Letters

THE first, posted in one of the middle western states, was from Dr. X., Superintendent of the Conference, who wrote:

"I have just come from the hospital, where I visited one of our retired ministers, who has had to undergo rather a serious operation. He is seventy-four years old, but is getting along nicely and expects to go home in a few days. I know that they find it hard sledding at the best, and now the hospital bill alone will amount to at least $150, to say nothing of doctor's bill and travel. I wonder if it would be possible for the Board of Ministerial Relief to send him a check from the Emergency Fund to help on these extra expenses. Anything that you can do will be deeply appreciated."

The second, mailed a week later from a small post office in the same state, was as follows:

"Your letter and check came to hand this morning, and I have not as yet recovered from my glad surprise and astonishment. Not for one instant had I thought of help coming to me from such a source. I had no knowledge of your 'emergency fund' nor, to my recollection, did I say one word to Dr. X. concerning financial affairs, though I was completely stripped and had to borrow money to meet my hospital expenses.

"When I opened your letter, I called to my invalid wife,' Mother, I've got $40 in my mail this morning.' 'What? Where? How?' she exclaimed. 'Do you have to pay it back?' 'Well,' she said when she understood, 'everything isn't going against us, is it?'

"I am so happy and thankful. I am weak and weary, my energy has been taxed pretty heavily, but I am coming back to life and service in the church. The sun is shining brightly outside; our canary greets the new-born day with a song; the world is very beautiful, and life is sweet. It is springtime in my soul, and I feel that I am on the way to God's eternal day. So I close my letter with the high purpose in my heart to follow on until I shall see him face to face and know even as I am known."

Not the least urgent and rewarding service rendered by the Board of Ministerial Relief is this help from the Emergency Fund given to those who are not on the regular roll of pensioners. In 1935 such aid was given to 210 families where sickness, unemployment or some other major disaster had caused dire distress, and during 1936 the calls have been equally insistent and numerous.

As we face the winter of 1936-37 another insistent emergency call is coming to the Board for the relief of pastors and their families in distress in the drought-stricken areas of the Middle West. Heroism has been the order of the day, but even heroism cannot provide salaries where there is no money. At least $20,000 is needed by our pastors in the Middle West to make up for the inability of the churches to contribute their share to salaries in home missionary and self-supporting fields.

An Up and Down Parish in Virginia

By John R. Scotford

"Coming down the mountain" from Fancy Gap to Rocky Ford one has a chance to "look away" toward North Carolina

HUNTING for churches is always good fun, for you discover much concerning both their influence in the community and the attitude towards the minister before you find them.

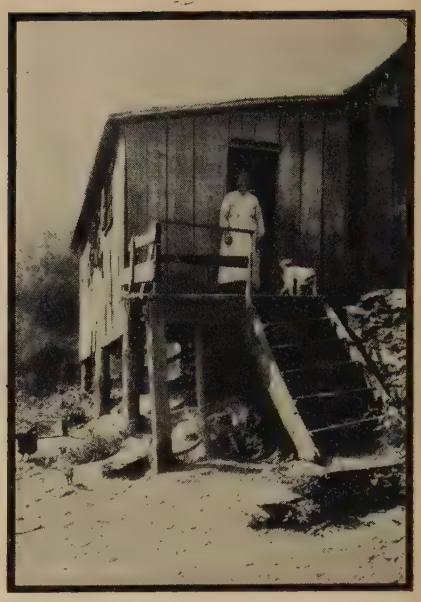
It was a Sunday afternoon in August. I had been surprised by the beauty of the Blue Ridge Mountains of western Virginia—and had wondered why more people did not travel in these parts. My goal was a mission field where the Southern Convention of Christian churches has carried on school and church work since 1920, and where it is reported that land is worth a dollar an acre and that the annual cash income of a family is often as little as $150 a year.

Some neighbors of the Elk Spur Church

The trim building of the Elk Spur Church shelters a school as well. Beyond is the parsonage

My first stop was at Fancy Gap —a cluster of buildings in a gorge between two hills. A group of men were sitting on the steps of the general store, which was also a gas station. Their directions for reaching the Elk Spur Church were chiefly up—and then to the right. Up we went on a winding road, found our turn, and finally emerged on a series of upland meadows which were very much on top of the world.

The square white church and parsonage were easily found, but the minister was away taking care of another "appointment." Investigation revealed that the church building also sheltered a school.



This woman's home clings to the side of the mountain

Turning back, we met two barefoot boys who admitted that they had been to Sunday School that morning—as well as vacation school the preceding week. They had no objection to having their pictures taken, and also introduced us to the rest of the family. Their speech revealed that these were true moun-

These boys attend the Elk Spur Sunday School

tain people, whose dialect was about as difficult for an outlander to understand as the manner of speech which prevails in some sections of Brooklyn. But they seemed to be on good terms with the church and its new minister, Mr. O. A. Elmore.

Returning to Fancy Gap and asking for Rocky Ford Church brought the information that I could find it by taking the first turn after I got "off the mountain." This sounded mystifying, but proved to be utterly simple.

The road went down and down. We paused to enjoy the view and to take a picture of an unpainted shack stuck on the side of a mountain whose inhabitants had the ambition to raise both flowers and dogs.

The bottom of the mountain was easy to find, for there the precipitous road flattened out suddenly. A dive down a well shaded gravel road (which had once been the main highway) brought us to the Rocky Ford Church. There is little exaggeration in saying that it was "under the mountain."

Before the days of concrete roads the missionaries of the Christian Church made their way into this needy region, opening first schools and then churches and latterly ministering also to the health of the people. The modern highway is a bit deceiving. Just because the world can get into the mountains it does not mean that the mountain people have greatly changed. The pall of poverty and ignorance still rests upon their lives. There is still much work to be done before the level of life in the mountains will match that in the rest of the country.

Devotional Service for November

By Mrs. H. L. Auten

(Devotional chairman, Illinois Woman's Fellowship)

"Great God, to Thee our only Hope,
We bring our sheaves and songs.
Defend us from all dangers,
Give respite from our wrongs.
Let blessings fall upon our head,
Grant peace to us and daily bread."

(*Hebrew Harvest Song, traditional*)

THE words of this Hebrew Harvest song might have been written this year instead of centuries ago. The verse expresses our present need and our reliance upon God. Jew and Gentile, we can join in saying it together.

No longer are our children taught that we are the only people to observe a Thanksgiving. Rather they learn that since man began to cultivate the ground, plowing, planting, and gathering the harvests, "Thanksgivings" have been held among all people.

Probably no common thing brings God and the miracles of His power closer to us than the growth of gardens. From seeds so small and similar, at least to unaccustomed eyes, grow plants of the greatest variety, each true to its own type. Man must give thanks to Someone for so manifest a wonder.

However lacking in imagination one may be, the thought of the steady growth of gardens, year after year, is enough to make anyone turn poet.

But for more than gardens and growing things let us give thanks.

For the capacities of people, for their ability to laugh, their outreach of friendliness, their never-ending curiosity, for their ingenuity, their courage, their amazing adaptability, let us give thanks.

Stories of friendly neighbors, who for no reason except friendliness, gave help; of the settlement of knotty problems by untrained and ordinary people; of the facing and solving of grave responsibilities by young, inexperienced men and women; of high courage and kindly graciousness on the part of old folks; to be allowed the privilege of belonging to such a company must compel the least thoughtful of us to give thanks.

More than this, to have the opportunity to share in real problems; not the matter of how many forks on a table, but the matter of how many folks privileged to eat regularly at a table.

Not the good natured agreement between friends as to whether the hedge between your neighbor's property and your own shall stand unpruned, but the definite personal decision for each of us, that the hedge of our prejudices toward our neighbors of other races shall be so pruned and cultivated that it shall become not a hedge of dismissal and a barrier against understanding, but instead an ornament and a joy and a perfumed blessing on both sides, and a generous indication of our friendship for and interest in our world neighbors.

Not that our own children shall be well trained in pretty manners, desirable as that may be, but that as far as each of us shall be able, in whatever capacity, we shall try to train all children, all men and women, nay, even ourselves, in the gentle art of courtesy, that all of us may experience the benediction which is the outgrowth of courtesy —peace.

Because of these our problems we offer thanks, and with the thanks, we ask strength for the day's tasks; vision to set a high goal; ingenuity in facing difficulty, and especially, faith in the One, who, having set us the problems, will surely help us solve them.

The Prayer: Our Father, we offer our humble thanks for all goodness which this year has held: for

every hard place made plain, for every difficulty met.

Give to us, we pray, time for small, friendly deeds, joy in work, eagerness to live and a nearness to Thee, which shall make all life triumphant.

Bless those who toil without delight, a renewed vision of their task.

Be near to lonely people, and bless them with friendliness.

Bless those who fail, and give them courage to try again.

Bless those who triumph and give them the further price of humility.

Guide those responsible for the welfare of others, that they may not lose sight of the personalities of those who must look to them for understanding and justice.

Give to all of us vital interest in each other's need and appreciation of each other's abilities, that we may work together to bring to Thee the worthy offering of world wide peace and good will.

And these things we ask in the name of the One who is our Leader and Guide in all ways of good living.

Amen.

Secretarial Side Lights

The Superintendent of Northern California

HARLEY GILL is one of these reassuring people. His substantial build creates confidence, while his words inspire trust. In many ways he is a mountainous sort of a man: large of stature, calm of speech, unhurried in his ways. Yet he has seen much of life.

Harley Hayes Gill was born on a farm in Iowa a little less than fifty years ago. At the age of twelve he was left an orphan and spent two years in the Chicago Industrial Home for Children at Woodstock, Illinois. He prepared for college at Epworth Seminary in Iowa, and completed two years at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa.

He engaged in prohibition work at the age of eighteen as county organizer in Minnesota, and continued in such activities for two or three years in an intermittent way—chiefly during his summer vacations. Before finishing college he had put in two years as regional vice-president and travelling secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, which took him to over 100 colleges and from coast to coast.

During an interlude in his formal education he spent fifteen months on a homestead in northwestern Colorado. During this period he married Mrs. Pearl Chute Jones, whom he had met in prohibition work in Minnesota. He also began preaching for the Congregational Church at Hayden, where he continued for a year and a half after he had proved up his claim to a homestead.

In order to go on with his education he moved to Berkeley, California, where he completed his college course at the University of California, and took his theological training at the Pacific School of Religion. During his seminary days he was pastor at Niles, California.

For six months during the war he served as executive secretary of the United Committee on War Temperance Activities, which represented twenty organizations and had its headquarters with the Federal Council of Churches. Later the same organization sent him overseas to lecture to the American soldiers.

Following his graduation from the seminary he was called to the church at Stockton, California. While there he was elected superintendent of the Northern California Conference, but declined on the grounds of youth and inexperience. In 1923 he was called to the old Pioneer Church of Sacramento, which took on fresh life, erected a new house of worship, and trebled its membership during his six and a half year pastorate. In 1929 he was elected a second time to the superintendency of the conference.

Because of his abundant administrative gifts Harley Gill has held many offices—serving as a director of the Church Extension Boards and of the Home Boards, as president for two years of the Superintendents' Council, and being elected at South Hadley to the Joint Cabinet of all the boards—a position which he has since resigned.

His particular joy is in his four children: Dr. Charles C. Gill is captain in the medical corps of the U. S. Army at Denver; Clayton H. Gill is a student at Chicago Theological Seminary; Sumner H. Gill is a student at Stanford University, and Elizabeth Pearl Gill a high school student at Berkeley. The first break in the family was caused by the death on August 15 of Mrs. Gill.

Harley Gill confesses that he has no hobbies, never having been able to find anything more interesting than his work. He confesses that he enjoys expressing himself publicly through preaching.

The Associate Editor would add as a footnote that Harley Gill is one of the few men who ever declined a perfectly good chance to make a speech before the General Council!

The Christ of the African Road

By Madelina Chipa

When I was a little boy and the Mission had only just come into our valley [Mr. Chipa told this story in a sermon at Sachikela, West Africa] and none of us had been there yet, my father got up a caravan to go to the coast trading. I went along to carry a sack of meal.

The way was terribly long and I was very tired. One day a little girl about my size and I were left far behind by the rest of the caravan. The sun beat down fiercely upon us; sweat and tears rolled down my face and blinded my eyes as we stumbled along.

The meal sack, which was of goatskin, was ripped and the meal was sifting out, leaving a white trail behind me. I knew this, but in my utter weariness I did not care, though it meant a beating if I arrived with an empty sack.

"Brace up, we'll soon find them," the little girl, who carried sleeping mats and clay pots, kept encouraging me. I kept going because I was too weary to stop: it required more will power than to drag one foot after another.

Then suddenly there loomed beside me a tall man dressed in a white, clean cloth. You children of today cannot know what a frightening thing white clean clothing was to a village boy then; he had never seen it, and associated it in his mind with other unknown terrors. This man was probably a goblin, or worse, but I was unable to run away, so I shut my eyes tight and waited for the worst to happen.

"You children are left behind, aren't you?" he said. "Sit down here and rest awhile."

As he spoke he took the loads off our shoulders, and he wiped the dirt and sweat off our faces, and gave us a drink of water out of a bottle he wore tied to him.

We wondered what it could be that he was going to do to us, but he did not look cross, so we waited. He took a needle out of his clothing and sewed up the rip in my meal bag.

"Now you children follow me and I will take you to your camp."

So he carried our loads and we followed him to where my father was camped. He did not make any fuss nor demand any fine as strangers do on the path.

"Here are yours who were lost," he said, and went his way.

"He must be one of the Christians," I heard my father and the others saying. "We have heard that there is a great Christian *fumbelo* (head man) on the road. It must be he."

I never saw him again, but I thought that if he was a Christian I should like to be one too, so I came to the Mission.

Lobito Longings

By William C. Bell

Since 1930 I have been located at Lobito. It has been clearly seen that there is a field for definite Christian work among the Portuguese.

Men of influence among the residents there have appealed to the Mission for a Christian pastor, preferably a Portuguese, who would instruct them in the Protestant faith.

Several of those who have been attending the service held in the Hostel regularly have confessed their faith in Jesus Christ.

With a population of eight thousand Natives living at Lobito, there is need of a social center in their midst where night schools, business clubs, entertainments, glee clubs could be carried on—even a movie theater if under the censorship of the city. There is a wonderful field for work along this line.

Going to Lobito in 1924 with the young teacher selected by the church, it seemed as if the way had been prepared: no difficulty was encountered in arranging for a school and Christian work.

Those first years Jesse Chipenda worked hard day and night, seldom seeking rest until midnight, then up at early morn to earn money for food in a machine shop. Once he was imprisoned on a false charge, but undaunted kept working and witnessing for the truth.

Gradually a nucleus was formed and the real beginning of an earnest church group was crystallizing after the pattern and ideals of Jesus Christ; the church grew in numbers and developed in its organization until over fifty were upon the roll.

Then they asked for recognition as a church, and in 1934 the articles of faith were presented and the Lobito Christian group recognized as a sister church.

Other leaders are Isaias Catito and Eduardo, the latter, possessing a diploma, as Director of the school. Jesse has volunteered to head the work at Benguela, another town in the near neighborhood, a field of great promise.

It is said that "Lobito" is a derivative from a word meaning a door or opening. Prayer, consecration, and hard work accomplish things, and I am confident that Lobito furnishes a shining illustration of this.

What! No Quintuplets?

By Dorothy P. Cushing

Not that he knows about, says Dr. James B. McCord, of Durban, South Africa, "Doctor Jim" to black and white all over that area. He's home on furlough now and already has proved a gold mine on things African for special interviews by the Press.

"We heard rumors of quintuplets, but we were never able to track them down," says Dr. McCord, whom one of the newspaper men described as "A huge figure of a man with a strongly lined face," and afterwards confided to the News Editor that "He reminded me of my Dad."

THE MAN AND HIS DREAMS

His full name is Dr. James B. McCord, L.R.C.P., and M.R.C.S., which, when you work it out, means, "Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians" and "Member of the Royal College of Surgeons."

Dr. McCord, because of his more than thirty-five years of service in South Africa, may qualify as a "veteran," but he declares that he still can meet any of the young fry on the tennis court and make 'em wish they hadn't come!

The story of how Dr. and Mrs. McCord began what is now the McCord Zulu Hospital in two small rented rooms, operated on a kitchen table, if necessary, and housed patients in the coal house, is pretty well known, but bears repeating in view of the fact that just this year the plan for training young Zulus in modern medicine, which Dr. McCord advocated seventeen years ago, has been adopted by the South African Government.

The hospital itself has now grown to a capacity of a hundred and twenty beds although even at this date emergencies sometimes make it necessary to put the patients on the floor.

"In fact many appeared to prefer the floor—to them it seems safer," Dr. McCord adds with a characteristic twinkle in his eye.

The practical way to try to meet the great medical need of Africa, where there is only about one doctor to every million persons, is to train the black man and woman to care for their own.

This has been Dr. McCord's firm conviction throughout the years and he began to work on it by establishing a nurses' training school for Zulu girls and starting the training of a group of young men in simple medicine.

"The native African is capable of receiving, absorbing and utilizing a medical or other higher education," he declares. "I speak from personal knowledge of the Zulu. While we aim in our hospital to relieve sickness and suffering we feel that our most important work is the medical education and training of our native nurses."

The witch doctor, baleful mentor of the pagan peoples, still holds a grip on the African. Dr. McCord has made an exhaustive study of him and his methods.

"Witchcraft is the great obstacle to the advancement of the people of Africa," he declares. "Among the Zulus a most important function of the medical work is to show the people that disease is not caused by witchcraft, that they do not need witch doctors for healing and that the power of the witch doctors over their lives is in their imaginations."

HIS DREAM COMES TRUE

In 1917 Dr. McCord presented a paper to the Durban Medical Society urging that the medical profession do something about the situation which the medicine man presented by training young Zulus to practice modern medicine *among their own people.*

His plan then met with deep-seated prejudice based on racial fear, but last year, *seventeen years later,* a plan almost identical word for word with Dr. McCord's was put through by the South African Government whereby young Zulus will be trained in the South African Native College along medical lines and take their fifth or clinical year at the McCord Zulu Hospital in Durban.

The Commission appointed by the Government of South Africa to go into the matter of native help from a practical point of view, consisted of the Right Honorable J. H. Hofmeyer, Minister of Health and Education, Sir Edward Thornton, Secretary of Public Health for the Union of South Africa *and* Dr. James B. McCord, American missionary doctor. Thus a piece of work of far-reaching importance had its inception in the efforts of an American missionary.

About ten years before this commission another one had been appointed by the South African Government called the Loram Commission and they, after several years of investigation, brought in a

report suggesting that native young men be given an education equal in every respect to the medical education which the white men would get.

"This scheme met with the approval of the ambitious natives, but not with the approval of the medical profession in South Africa. The medical profession was exceedingly bitter at the idea of natives being given qualifications equal to those of the white men and felt that giving them any other medical qualifications would lower the prestige of the medical profession."

It was at this time that the Rockefeller Foundation offered Johannesburg University $300,000 for buildings, etc., if they would put up such buildings for native young men and give them a medical education in accordance with the Loram Commission.

The Rockefeller Foundation offer lapsed finally and the keen hostility of the medical profession, or a majority of them, kept anything from being done at this time.

Under the new plan for training natives the young men will have five years of medical study and will be called medical aides but not doctors. They will practice only under Government control, or in the employ of Government, and will be paid a salary at the start of $900 a year plus house and dispensary.

Government will locate these men in needy places in the country and they will be under the direction of a white supervising doctor.

"The beginning salary suggested by Government is a princely one for a Zulu and it will be increased each year until it reaches $1500. There will be no charge by these medical aides for their services to the natives.

"I feel very skeptical in regard to the wisdom of this, but we will see how it works out. I have found that when Zulus pay for their medicines they appreciate them much more. In fact, the Zulus have a superstition, which I encourage at the hospital, that medicine will not cure unless it is paid for," adds Dr. McCord.

McCORD HOSPITAL

In 1933 when the depression in America was felt for the first time by the medical department of the South Africa Mission, it soon became evident that something had to be done to relieve the strain.

Looking forward to the time when responsibility for the work would pass from America to South Africa, an Advisory Board was organized at Durban made up of business and professional men, all representative citizens.

This Board keeps in touch with the affairs of the hospital, advises the superintendent, reports public opinion to the hospital and the needs of the work to the public. This Advisory Board has now become the McCord Zulu Hospital Board and is taking over a major financial responsibility for the hospital.

The American Board, however, will continue to coöperate with the hospital board, especially through providing medical personnel.

One of the reasons of the popularity of the McCord Zulu Hospital among prospective mothers is that the babies *live*. "Among the many popular fallacies regarding midwifery, no greater belief exists than that native women, true daughters of nature, have easy confinements," said Dr. McCord.

"A few doctors, some missionary wives and the native women themselves, alone know the truth. They know that yearly hundreds of native women die horrible deaths in Natal. Unattended by competent help they linger for days in agony and in the end they die or recover to live as cripples."

When the South African Medical Council decreed that a certain proportion of midwifery cases required for training should be cared for in their own homes, there originated the Hospital District Midwifery Service. At first the district midwife waited a long time for her cases, but now it is not an uncommon thing for her to have six or eight a day.

The City of Durban recognizes the value of the activities of the McCord Zulu Hospital by granting a subsidy which allows the employment of two district midwives. As the second training school for native nurses in South Africa, and the first training school for native midwives, the Hospital is doing pioneer work in a great field.

CITIES AND VILLAGES

The only wild things near Durban, an up-to-date city, are monkeys and snakes, says Dr. McCord, but not long ago a leopard did come fairly near and was killed by a boy with his spear. The lad thought it was a wild dog and when he discovered it was a leopard he nearly fainted from fright. But the monkeys run about the buildings, and one of them has a flair for tennis balls. He plays with the dogs and carries a ball about under his arm.

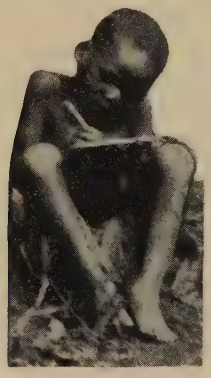
A small hippo sauntered down the main streets of Durban not long ago, looked into one of the hotels and became the center of attraction for several weeks as she ambled along down the coast. She bothered no one, so no one bothered her. Then someone thought it would be fun to shoot a hippo and the whole of Natal nearly went into mourning at her death. Outside of these occasional touches, however, Durban seems to be a city very much like other cities of similar size around the world.

Many calls for help have come to Dr. McCord from the kraals miles away, and on one such occasion he drove twenty-five miles in the middle of the night over rough and muddy roads to attend a maternity case where one baby had arrived eighteen hours previous but the second had made no appearance.

"Surgical procedure was necessary," recalls Dr. McCord. "My operating table was the dirt floor and my electric light two small stone bottles of kerosene with rags acting as wicks. The operator was myself. My first assistant was myself. My second assistant was myself. My anaesthetist was myself. The whole affair was a sort of one-man show, for from the shadows a dozen pairs of eyes watched the clinic and other neighbors and friends kept dropping in.

"It was somewhat strenuous to give the chloroform and then operate while the patient was coming out of the anaesthetic. Everything went smoothly and at two a.m. I was able to start home. Twin number two was dead but the mother's life had been saved, and since twins are considered unlucky by the Zulu and are often killed, no one grieved in the family."

The key to the whole life of service of this kindly Christian physician is summed up in his final sentence. "It was a hard night's work, but very satisfactory. It always is, you know, when you save a life and relieve suffering."



Silhouette

A tale retold by Dorothy P. Cushing

He is little—and he hasn't much hair. Most of his teeth are gone. His eyes squint. The other boys and girls laugh at him with the unthinking cruelty of the very young. Because he was queer looking his parents believed him possessed by an evil spirit which killed all the babies that came into the family after him.

"We should have known better than let him live," said they—and banished him from their home. The mission took him in. Mrs. Mathilde T. Dysart, of Chikore, East Africa, found him tenderly watering the bulbs outside the plain little chapel dedicated by the Wayfarers to all who wished to "be alone with God."

She asked the little out-caste—they call him Samuel now—if he would like the task of sweeping and keeping the chapel tidy. His glowing face was adequate reply.

"Do you ever go in there for a quiet time with God?" asked Mrs. Dysart.

Surprised the small boy replied: "Why, no, *I* don't. Is it also for *me*?"

"Wouldn't you like to go in now?" continued Mrs. Dysart.

He smiled his assent and they entered. Kneeling she prayed, this white woman of God from America, and by her side knelt the little black boy whom no one had cared about—whom the children ridiculed. After her petition Mrs. Dysart remained kneeling for a time in silence.

She expected nothing from her companion, but suddenly a boy's voice began to pray. He thanked God for the chapel, for what the missionaries were doing. It was Samuel.

"You know, Lord," he said, "the other children poke fun at me because I look so queer. Please help me to be patient and not answer back. You know how hard I try. Please, please help me not to answer back when they tease me. And please help me, dear God," ended this pathetic petition, "not to get discouraged and give up, but to keep on praying and trusting in Jesus."

The next time Mrs. Dysart asked him if he had been in to pray he replied happily, "Every day, Nkosikazy!"

He felt sure that he had been blessed and when questioned he replied simply:

"Before I did not know that God was a God to be *loved*."

Samuel—why not call him that?—has two little pals, a cripple who lost all his toes when he fell into the fire and was burned, and an epileptic. Together they have been praying that the Christ who healed the epileptics in those early days will heal them. One day in the little box marked "Thank You's" were three notes from these children. They said simply—"Thank you, God."

There are two boxes in the chapel, which is a plain little hut of mud and thatch with a table altar on which stands a picture of Christ, a Bible—and these boxes, one reading "Prayer Requests" and the second "Thank You's."

Then one day the trio came to Mrs. Dysart and said:

"Will you please teach us a song that we can sing when we go in to our prayers?" Three fragile ships on a relentless sea—hopelessly handicapped—yet they ended this wistful request by saying:

"You see, we thought perhaps if we could learn a song we might *draw some others in with us*."

Bailundo Builders

By Daniel A. Hastings

THE oldest station of the West Central Africa Mission! The earliest toilers here laid deep and true foundations, and men are still living who came under their influence and owe them abounding love and gratitude.

There may not be found a native settlement within a radius of at least fifty miles where such Christian influences are not evidenced.

Each of the two hundred and forty-two out-stations has an appointed catechist as leader, while many have in addition a primary school teacher.

These are either self-supporting, or, in a limited way, helped by their native constituency. Forty-two which are in new areas receive slight help from a special fund granted by Mr. Charles Bates.

There is a special school of short duration in Bailundo for these outstation leaders for better preparation in religious teaching, and in a practical use of the Portuguese language which is essential to the holding of a government teaching permit.

There is one organized church with nearly seventy-two hundred communicants, nearly five hundred added during the past year, while well over four thousand are undergoing preparation for membership.

The church, from wholly native funds, cares for the salaries of two ordained pastors, two assistants, and fifty-two primary school teachers in the outstations.

That these schools with an enrollment of fifteen hundred have been kept going for longer or shorter periods during the past year has been an achievement indeed, in view of the destruction of last year's crops by locusts, and the lack of an outside market this year.

Farming has been coming to the front in these later years as a regular part of mission activity. Chickens, pigs, and cattle of the best available stock are being reared to the best possible advantage.

Dense growths of imported grass cover large plots of ground; one variety is frostproof and solves the problem of winter pasturage.

Trades classes under competent native teachers are carried on in masonry, carpentry, and tailoring.

Mr. Hastings

During the past year an old school building and a church have been remodeled into a trades building and a hostel for evangelists. The new school being completed takes all that is remaining to this station from the Jubilee Fund. A medical ward has been built.

After fifty-five years as a mission station what is our justification?

The area, once primitive, has been Christianized. Demonology has disappeared; the weird screams of "ghost birds" are no longer heard. Economic and general living conditions have been greatly improved. Infant mortality has been remarkably reduced. Illiteracy is on the wane.

Faces have learned to smile!

The Lions of Malolo

By Merlin Walter Ennis

IT was in the dark of the moon that we built our stands in the trees at Malolo. About forty feet away from where I was hunched up in the tree, fifteen feet from the ground, was the waterhole.

Here come olambambi, eland, waterbuck, lions to drink. Only at night, though, come the lions.

I had clambered up the tree with gun, blanket, and field glasses just before sundown. Early in the evening came a few olambambi.

Darkness fell. There was no movement on the part of anything, so I eased myself into as comfortable a position as I could and prepared to doze until morning.

By eleven o'clock I was just about as much asleep as one could expect to be in such a situation, when I was awakened by the roar of a lion. It came from some distance up the ondomba to the east. From time to time the lion gave a deep cough.

Soon I could hear its tread, loud and distinct as that of an ox, and a massive grunt now and then. There were two! I was in for more than I had bargained for!

They came to the waterhole and I could hear them lapping, like a cat at a saucer of milk. After drinking they came over to the west side of the hole and one of them roared and roared and roared.

I had always wanted to hear a lion roar in his native haunts. I got it, good and plenty: the second one joined in; they roared in concert and antiphonally. I believe they indulged in their entire repertoire.

"Ugh, *ugh*, UGH, U-G-H!" louder and deeper each time.

"U-a-weh, u-a-weh!" beginning on a high note. It made me think of a bull's challenge.

Then there would be the most terrifying interlude which sounded more like the air escaping from a truck tire than anything else I can think of.

After a time they stopped. I could hear the faint sounds of steps! One came under my tree! I heard a mouth open and shut and the occasional ghost of a grunt.

Soon after the roaring ceased I began to be chilly and to shiver. Just then the King of the Jungle started in on the second part of his program. My shivering and teeth-chattering stopped as though a button had been pressed, and did not begin again.

The lions continued to prowl about for the next two hours, but it was impossible to see them. Needless to say, I was not sorry that I was far enough up the tree to be reasonably safe.

When morning came I discovered the reason for their long stay of the night before. Across the ondomba were the remains of a zebra they had eaten!

I decided to stage a real lion-hunt party, asking Dr. McMillan and Senhor Pires to join me. They occupied one tree, putting up a stage on which one could lie down comfortably; Senhor Pires had a flashlight.

I occupied the same tree as before. Between our trees we put the offal we had brought for bait. Wednesday and Thursday nights we dozed in our trees. No lions came near.

Friday night about nine o'clock, I heard "lap, lap, lap" at the waterhole. I whistled to signal the two in the other tree. No response. No flash. The lapping ceased. The only sound was an unmistakable one —a snore!

So the other two were sound asleep! Four times I tried to waken them. Still the snoring continued. Then came another sound, "champ, champ, champ," at the meat.

What *should* I do? Pointing toward the champing, I fired. All noise of any kind ceased.

"Did you fire," a sleepy voice asked.

"Turn your light on the meat," I replied. But the light could find no animal there.

"Champ — champ — champ!" came the sound again after twenty minutes. Immediately Senhor Pires turned the flashlight once more on the space between our trees. There, to our great chagrin, we saw only a yellow dog belonging to a hunter who had passed that way.

I had to leave on Saturday: I had been four nights without any real sleep, so returned to the truck that had brought us to the scene of our adventures, there to get a shave, a bath, and some sleep.

While I was deep in slumber Saturday night the lions came! Sunday morning I had word from Dr. McMillan that he had wounded the lioness and she had taken refuge in a thicket. Would Dr. Hollenbeck and I come and help get her out?

Monday morning, at sunrise, we started for Malolo, with Muleke and another boy, Chivokue, who joined us before we reached the waterhole. As we came in sight of the trees Dr. McMillan called to us to look out, as there was a wounded lion on the ground.

Muleke and Chivokue went up a tree without any delay.

Just then out spoke the lion, loudly and firmly. There, over a hundred yards away he stood behind a few small trees; we could see his tail swing out from behind them.

As we drew nearer, there was the lion himself, unwounded, framed between two of the trees, his big head and mane completely filling the space.

"He is *your* lion, you shoot!" we said to Dr. McMillan. He fired. The lion immediately came out from behind the trees.

I was never more astonished in my life than I was at the size of this lion. He looked as large as an ox. He ran from us; shots were fired.

Suddenly he turned and faced us! Senhor Pires fired, and he fell.

"He is killed. Come on!"

"Not so," replied I; "take it easy, for I can see him breathing."

Another shot and he rolled onto his back with his great paws held in the air like a kitten. Soon he collapsed and did not move again. Where was the lioness? We went all through the thicket to which we tracked her steps, but found nothing.

The lion measured eleven feet, eight inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. His front pads were enormous. Glossy, with a yellow mane, he was a splendid monarch, King of the Jungle.

A CORRECTION

In "An African Chronology" in the September issue Mr. Wesley Stover's name is incorrectly given as William.

The New

President of Defiance College

Two years ago Frederick W. Raymond assumed the presidency of Defiance College with splendid courage, only to be overtaken by physical disabilities which first eliminated him from all active part in the conduct of the institution and finally led to his resignation, to the regret of all concerned.

During the summer the trustees elected as his successor John W. Claxton, for five years pastor of the First Church of Manistee, Michigan. Mr. Claxton was born in Canada, where he took his bachelor's degree at Queens College, Kingston, and his master's degree in philosophy at McGill University in Montreal, and his bachelor of divinity degree at the United Theological College, also in Montreal. A resident fellowship at Union Seminary brought him to this country. Following his student days in New York he was associate pastor of the First Church of Detroit, from which he went to Manistee.

President John W. Claxton

Defiance College was founded by the Christian churches of Ohio and Indiana in 1902. It is located in the town of the same name in the northeastern corner of Ohio. The college has a well-shaded campus which has proven a popular place for the holding of young peoples' summer conferences. In the past it has trained many of the leaders of the Christian churches. Today it offers a college education to ambitious young people at a surprisingly small cost. It is the intimate type of school where the students come to really know the faculty, and where the teachers have a chance to deeply influence the lives of their pupils.

Where Youth Prevails

By E. J. Aschenbrenner

In charge of the interdenominational church for workers on the Bonneville Dam in Oregon

It is an ever fascinating thing for me to watch the workers at their task of harnessing the mighty Columbia. At present there are about 2500 men working on the project. There will probably be 3000 before long, according to the estimates of the engineers. I am tremendously impressed by the immensity of the whole undertaking. Really, there is drama as well as romance in having a part in this great enterprise.

One of the strikingly prominent features of the population of Bonneville is its youth. Old people are exceedingly scarce. I have never been in a community like this before. Captain Myers, the resident engineer in charge of the whole project, is nearer 30 than 35 years of age, and so are practically all of the engineers with whom I have become acquainted. I believe the average age of the adult population would not exceed 32 years, and would probably be less.

For the work of the church this fact is significant. It means that the child population is very largely of grade school age and under. There are, of course, some young people of high school age, and a very few of college age.

There are at present about 400 men here without families. Some of them have families but they live in Portland or elsewhere. Of course, these practically all go into the city over the week end to see their several families. Hence my work among them has to be carried on through personal contacts rather than the Sunday service.

Heraldings

The Negro's Dilemma

"The Negro finds himself curiously trapped. He cannot get wholly within American life nor can he wholly withdraw himself from it. He is blamed for the ignorance of his people but given neither voice nor justice in the expenditure of school funds. He is reproached with the crimes of his people but in the states where most of his people live he has no vote, no voice in making laws, no power in helping enforce them. Segregation and discrimination help to keep him poor and ignorant, while his poverty and ignorance are used to justify the differential treatment given him.

"The Negro forever faces the temptation of feeling sorry for himself and thus of slipping into shoddy living. If he makes demands that are too radical for the community in which he lives he runs the risk of arousing antagonism which may rob his group of hard won gains necessary to their very existence. If he meekly accepts injustice and discrimination he finds himself less than a man not only in his own eyes but also in the eyes of the world that most vehemently demands that he 'stay in his place.' This problem constitutes the black man's dilemma and his heaviest burden as well." Ina Corinne Brown in *The Story of the American Negro.* **(Friendship Press.)**

Socialistic Africa

"African life was essentially a socialism, whereas that of the first whites to encounter them was of a wholly different nature. Representing an economic order so largely individualistic and schooled to believe in its immense superiority; with gauges of 'success' calibrated in units of personal achievement, and glorying in those gauges as instruments of unquestionable social precision, the individualistic foreigner was confirmed in his individualism when he met the African and proceeded to lay all the latter's backwardness and low economic state to his lack of individual aggressiveness and to the communalism of African life.

"There was just enough truth behind this instinctive verdict to permit its formulation. African socialism has been a powerful protector of the tribe. Without it the tribe might not have survived the rude, continuous blows of disease, unfavorable environment, fear, drought, wild animals and human enemies. It had notable social values in the past and offered great hopes for the African's future. If it subordinated the individual in many ways and tended to stifle personal leadership and blunt initiative, nevertheless it contributed much to his preservation as a tiny unit and thus kept him alive individually and collectively to that day when the mighty impact of a wholly unknown world came to be made upon him. Whether in the future he will thank his forbears' socialism for its part in keeping him alive to that fateful day of impact is a question that the church, particularly, must help him to answer affirmatively." Emory Ross in *Out of Africa* **(Friendship Press).**

African Mould; Christian Content

"African tribal life is nearer to essential Christianity than is Western civilization in that the spiritual and moral sanctions are woven into every part of a man's life. Community life is a function of religion in Africa. A man's and a woman's social responsibilities are defined in terms of labor and service of varying kinds. Obligation to service of the community is accepted as a birthright. Industrialism is in process of destroying this well articulated though relatively defenseless society. Unfortunately, Christianity itself in the West is also often deformed by this same individualistic yet mechanistic civilization.

"Christianity would deny its very birthright and doom itself to sterility if it went to Africa with a gospel that came short of animism by failing to weave its spiritual and moral fibers into every part of the people's life. In claiming all of life for Christ, Western Christians may rediscover the soul of their own faith. The adventure that lies before the Christian community in Africa and its white comrades is that of reintegrating African society. That new society will rest on its ancient communal basis in the fellowship of a church that is tribal in its local life but shares the discipleship of Christ with the catholic life of the church throughout the world. It will use wherever possible the patterns of the African community for the molds into which its life shall flow." Basil Mathews in *Consider Africa* **(Friendship Press.)**

The African Craves Dangerous Living

"The European glories in the fact that Western civilization and government have stopped the slave trade and put an end to intertribal war. He has no glimmer of an idea, however, of the strain of repression and the peril of ennui that he injects into Africa. The royal and ancient game of raiding the villages of other tribes for cattle and women is forbidden to the youth of Africa. The witch doctor's fascinating and often ghoulish drama of hunting the sorcerer with magic—the African equivalent of the mystery novel—is forbidden by the government and punished as murder

if the sorcerer dies. The intermittent beer drinks in celebration of birth or harvest or house building that are a social center of life are frowned upon. The Christian church often looks askance on dancing and drumming; and generally the initiation rites are driven underground. The joy of living dangerously, the rhythm and color, the stormy drama are taken out of life. We create a vacuum and call it peace. No one is pleading for the restoration of intertribal war or of beer drinks or of the initiation rites as practised in paganism. But unless Christianity can bring to the African more adventure of dangerous living, more rhythm and color and tense drama than the old life, Jesus was wrong when he said, 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.'" Basil Mathews in *Consider Africa* **(Friendship Press.)**

Interior of the St. George Chapel of Anatolia College, Saloniki, Greece. It was named in honor of President Emeritus George E. White (at right). ***See article page 304 July "Herald"***

Book Chat

Dr. Samuel Worcester

Twelfth in a series on American Indian life published by The Oklahoma University Press is *The Cherokee Messenger,* by Althea Bass.

After Samuel Worcester's graduation from Andover Seminary and his ordination in the old Park Street Church, Boston, he set out with his wife, Ann Orr, in a buggy and drove all the way to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the Brainerd Mission of the American Board, arriving in October, 1825.

It was the custom of the Cherokees to give every missionary an Indian name. They liked Dr. Worcester so well that they re-christened him A-tse-nu-sti, which means "messenger," hence the title of the book.

Dr. Worcester was the most energetic and zealous worker of the Brainerd Mission in its twenty-one years, and was the most powerful in influencing the Indians to righteous living and thinking. After the invention of the Cherokee syllabary by Sequoyah, Dr. Worcester succeeded in inducing the American Board to have type cast in the new alphabet, and when this was accomplished, Dr. Worcester's life-work was settled, for he began translating the Bible, song books and other literature into the Cherokee language.

In *Torchlights to the Cherokees,* published in 1931, I tell the story of Dr. Worcester's life at Brainerd Mission, but of necessity the story ends at the time the mission closed in 1838 when the Indians were driven West. Mrs. Bass follows Dr. Worcester and records his achievements up to the time of his death at Park Hill, Oklahoma, April 20, 1859. In *The Cherokee Messenger,* the author gives a complete story of his life and work, and in so doing records a splendid story of the Brainerd Mission from the time of Dr. Worcester's arrival. The mission was founded in 1817, eight years before he came there. His uncle, Dr. Samuel Worcester, had died while on a visit to the mission and was buried in the little cemetery at the place. The author would have done well to have included in her book a story of the mission at Brainerd the eight years before Dr. Worcester's arrival in order to have made her background complete.

Dr. Worcester was one of the most beloved men that ever worked with the Cherokees or any Indian tribe. When he and Dr. Elizur Butler were sentenced to four years at hard labor in the Georgia State

Penitentiary for refusing to leave the Cherokee lands, he came into national prominence. *The Cherokee Messenger* is a story interestingly told and the author has worked diligently to avoid the usual dryness in following historical facts.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

Books Received

Powerful America—Our Place in a Re-arming World, by Eugene J. Young. (**Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.** $3.00.)

The author (who at present is Cable Editor of the *New York Times*) has been studying national and world politics for over thirty years. In this book he points out that America after fifteen years of experiment with internationalism as a means of organizing a better and more peaceful world has begun seriously to turn to the exertion of her own national authority. She is rearming lest she be left behind in the race and find herself unable to defend vital interests and vital principles of life.

"The protests of the internationalists, the peace organizers, the international financiers have been calmly ignored. Americans are now intent on studying not what they should do for others but what they should do for themselves, for their nation and for its vital purposes."

The author believes that American idealism and realism marching side by side could do much to promote a better world order. Cooperation of a powerful America with the British fleet and empire would insure an irresistible police force for the peace of the world and the development of free peoples everywhere.

The Nature of Religion, by Edward C. Moore; (**The Macmillan Company, N. Y.** Price $2.50). This is a valuable book on religion for the thoughtful layman. It is for the layman because the writer has dispensed with all footnotes and other obstructions to the pleasure of reading, and has used throughout a simple, direct and non-technical style. Professor Moore taught the philosophy of religion in Harvard Divinity School for many years. His approach was mainly historical and there are few scholars in America who are as much at home in the development of religious thought especially since Kant. With this background of historical knowledge and teaching Professor Moore now writes familiarly of the main issues of religious belief and life. This book is in a way a *confessio fidei.* It is about religion as a living experience that he writes. With full awareness of the new intellectual and social atmosphere in which the religious life must be maintained, this historian, philosopher and teacher sets forth the grounds for his unshaken confidence in religion. Readers of the HERALD will have a special interest in this volume because its author was for twenty years president of the American Board. He is also the author of two well known books on missionary matters, *East and West,* and *The Spread of Christianity in the Modern World.* H. V. W.

New Faith for Old, an autobiography by Shailer Mathews (**Macmillan,** $3.00). The Dean Emeritus of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago gives a charming picture of his boyhood in Maine; "the beginning of a youth movement" during his college days; his three months' student pastorate when on a Sunday school picnic everyone brought the minister a cocoanut-frosted cake (his boyish favorite) which, surreptitiously dropped overboard, soon surrounded the picnic steamer—to his horror; his teaching in his alma mater as the youngest member of the faculty; his "discovery of the real world." He helped reconstruct his denomination; was among those who aroused the churches to serious interest in a social gospel; had a share in the development of the Chicago Church Federation and was its president for two terms; had much to do with interracial relations. His interview with W. J. Bryan was most curious. His seven historical books, as many on the social aspects of Christianity, his nine volumes on religious belief, in addition to his years of teaching and editing, made for a very full life, an account of which, such as this autobiography, can but be both extremely valuable and of absorbing interest.

Ethel Ambrose: Pioneer Medical Missionary, compiled by Mrs. W. H. Hinton (**Marshall, Morgan and Scott,** London, 3/6) is a profusely and well illustrated account of the most valuable lifework of a Scottish physician in Poona, India. Beauty of face she had as evidenced by her portrait, which—perhaps it should not, but it does—arouses greater interest in her career and in her diaries and letters.

The Medieval Missionary, by James Thayer Addison (**International Missionary Council,** New York) is a study of the conversion of Northern Europe, A.D. 500–1300, by a professor of the History of Religion and Missions, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., and is the second in the series of the World Mission of Christianity. Kings and Missionaries, Missions and Monasticism, The Influence of the Papacy, are some of its interesting chapters. The result of most comprehensive research, it nevertheless does not disfigure its pages with footnotes—to the great pleasure of the reader—but adds a fine bibliography, with suggestions for further reading.

The Bible in Our Day: A Symposium (**Oxford University Press,** New York, $1.00). Taking a single subject, the Bible, seven outstanding writers present a group of essays viewing the Book of Books from as many different angles. A valuable book for everyone interested in the history and development of the English Bible.

E Ming and E Ru: A Story of Child Life in Old Peking, by Margaret Rossiter White (**Fleming Revell Co.**, New York, $1). Children from six to twelve will love this fascinating story of a pair of Chinese twins, their parents and their friends. Delightful old Chinese legends and stories of quaint customs are introduced throughout the book.

Opening Roads, by the Rev. Archibald Black (**MacMillan Co.**, New York, $1.75). A collection of friendly little talks to young people. Dr. Black has a way of sugar-coating his nuggets of wisdom with stories that apply interestingly to the commonplace problems of Youth's everyday.

Getting Help from Religion, by James Gordon Gilkey (**MacMillan Co.**, New York, $1.75). Dr. Gilkey's newest book on modern liberal Christianity written with the simplicity and sincerity that characterize the writings of this widely known preacher. This book offers much in the way of logical argument to the skeptical, and a world of comfort to those who grope in the dark.

Marcus Whitman, Crusader. Part One. Archer Butler Hurlbut and Dorothy Printup Hulbert, editors (**Stewart Commission of Colorado College and Denver Public Library**) is the first volume of a definitive life of Whitman. Other biographies have centered largely on a single period concerning which there has been much discussion; "this series is particularly concerned with the other four thousand odd days of Marcus Whitman's life in the West which, because of that discussion, were very largely neglected." The basis of this study is a great mass of letters written by or received by the Whitmans, many hitherto unpublished, others newly discovered, hitherto unknown. The book is in three parts: Biography of Whitman, from 1802 to 1839; report of Samuel Parker's tour west of the Rocky Mountains in 1835–1839, with two letters; the Oregon Mission correspondence 1835–1839. The book is most carefully documented, impartial, accurate, yet most interestingly written, with valuable maps and a few contemporary pictures reproduced. It deserves a much longer review and may be given one later; the HERALD has received its copy but in time to include this brief notice in its Whitman Centenary number.

Caxton Printers, Ltd. of Caldwell, Idaho, announces the second edition of Dr. Clifford M. Drury's book, *Henry Harmon Spalding*. We understand that it sells for three dollars. As Mr. Spalding was a member of the Whitman party that went over the Rockies in 1836 and was a leading pioneer missionary of the old Oregon Mission, it would be well worth while to read the book in connection with the Whitman Centenary.

We should also report that Dr. Drury is about to bring out a book on the Whitmans, though we are unable at present writing to name the publisher.

And while we are on this subject we might refer to the fact that in the August 1866 issue of THE MISSIONARY HERALD there can be found a very good writeup of Secretary David Greene of the American Board, with whom the Oregon missionaries corresponded. Reading over some of his letters reposing in the archives of the Board reveals the sagacity and strength of that particular leader of his day.

This, That, and the Other

At Coulee Dam

Last summer the Home Missions Council appointed Rev. M. R. Gallaher to take charge of the interdenominational church which it is fostering at Coulee Center, on the Columbia River. He reports: "Everything is transient except the river, the dam, and the hills. The people do not come to stay, but merely to camp. Even the business houses cannot afford anything permanent in the way of buildings and equipment. They also feel the need of a heavy percentage of profit so that they can quit at the end of five years somewhat better than even. One result is that the mail order houses do a large business. The housing and home conditions are miserable. A family with several children sleep in a one-room house whose dimensions are about ten by twelve. They occupy the one bed by relays. The church building is on an eminence where it is visible from anywhere in this part of Grand Coulee, and has an imposing appearance, although the auditorium is the only portion which is in shape to be used."

Takes More Than a Hurricane

Marguerite Davison writes: "August first saw us washing out and shoveling out after the hurricane in West Florida. Beds and bedding were wet, trees blown down and roofs injured if not removed, summer fruit on the ground, and everything in a mess. The conference we had so carefully planned! Would there be any or would all the delegates have to stay at home and repair their own houses, can their fruit, and shovel out. I went all about Dorcas community to see if they could possibly entertain in

case folks came. They said they would do their best. At noon a school bus load from New Effort arrived, and we had a conference. The program which was to have started Friday night, was condensed into Saturday afternoon, evening and Sunday. Another church arrived that night after spending ten hours making eighty miles. Floods, washes, and flat tires had caused their delay. On Sunday one more church ventured to come and local people came out en masse. Takes more than a hurricane to blow away a young people's conference entirely."

Light Reading for Missionaries

If you send books to missionary friends for birthdays or Christmas or any other time, *don't* send religious or weighty books. They crave mystery tales as much as any "tired business man." The latest "best seller" in novels, romances, and detective stories would be enthusiastically welcomed and rest harassed minds. Such can be bought inexpensively in the "discontinued" book section of the libraries that rent books by the day.

Our latest picture of Kagawa of Japan and the World. He stands between President Emeritus White and President Riggs of Anatolia College. He stopped off at Salonica (Thessalonica) to gather material for a book of fiction on St. Paul

The International Peace Congress

This first Congress was held in Brussels September 3–6. Nearly four thousand delegates came from forty nations. Every shade of thought was represented and almost every form of political opinion; they were well organized, with responsible leaders. Viscount Cecil presided, joint president with Pierre Coy, Minister of Air, of France. The real work of the Conference was done in the thirteen Commissions set up prior to the meeting. The Commission on Religious Organizations agreed on a program of organizing a Peace Committee in every church and congregation, cooperating in a peace ballot in every country, launching a crusade for worldwide peace.

Where Ministers are Carpenters

Building a log chapel on the summer conference grounds at Camp Mimanagis during July and August is the noteworthy achievement of fifteen ministers and laymen of Montana. For a period of six weeks there were an average of twenty people in the camp, of whom half were available for work on the chapel. The others were wives, who cooked, and children, who had a good time. By August 25th the building was under roof with the windows boarded up. It is 30 x 60 feet, of seasoned and peeled logs, and will accommodate 250 people. Doors, window frames, and joists for the floor are in place, but the floors, fire-place and pews are unfinished. The logs and rocks were donated by the Forest Service. Plans have been proposed by which benches or pews can be provided by the various young peoples' groups of the state. With its steep roof and pilasters at the corners it will have quite an ecclesiastical appearance. Financial assistance in this undertaking was given by the Church Building Society.

President J. Leighton Stuart of Yenching University, Peiping, China. His sixtieth birthday was celebrated royally at Yenching

The Negro's Background

The home mission study topic for the year, Negro Americans, has inspired the publication of a twenty-four page illustrated pamphlet, *Glimpses of Negro Americans,* which in brief compass presents an authoritative statement of the Negro's present status in regard to politics, employment, education and church life. It is excellent background material for discussion groups, or for circulation in connection with an address on the Negro. It has been prepared by George E. Haynes, Ph.D., and can be secured for six cents a single copy or four dollars a hundred from the Department of Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America at 105 East 22nd St., New York City.

The Christian Council of South Africa

In May, 1934, at a conference under the presidency of John R. Mott the formation of a Christian

council was resolved upon, and a continuation committee was appointed to draft a constitution.

In June, 1936, a General Conference at Bloemfontein discussed this constitution and it was adopted. The functions of the Council then inaugurated are to be: to bring together in periodical conferences representatives of all Christian agencies; to promote study of the problem of Christianizing the people; to promote coöperation in missionary work; to promote fellowship among the churches; to represent the Christian forces of South Africa in their relations with the International Missionary Council and with national Christian organizations in other lands.

The first official meeting of the Council was held the 25th of June; officers were elected, Dr. James Dexter Taylor of the American Board becoming treasurer; and committees appointed, the convener of the Committee on women's work being Mrs. Clara Bridgman of the American Board. Mr. Kenneth Grubb of the World Dominion Press, London, outlined a scheme for a Christian Directory of South Africa.

"Unsurpassed in the whole of American fiction"

MARGARET MITCHELL'S

GONE WITH THE WIND

"The greatest historical novel ever written by an American! . . . Rivets your attention through 1,000 pages! . . . After many glorious hours you lay it down with a sigh!"

23rd Printing

556,000!

including Book-of-Month Club

1037 pages *$3.00*

THE MACMILLAN CO.

60 - 5th Ave., New York

American Board Year Book
For 1937

An adorable African baby throws kisses to you from the cover of the 1937 Year Book. He will bring a smile to your face on your gloomiest day. Africa is the mission study topic this year.

Biography—Brief biographical sketches of every Board missionary.

History—Concise but adequate accounts of the beginnings and main events of the Board's history, of its present missions, of its past missions that have been closed, merged, or transferred to other boards.

Lists—Alphabetical lists: Of the Board's schools and colleges, with dates of founding and founders; of hospitals and clinics; of social centers; of union institutions; of mission stations; of postal addresses.

Administration—Description of the Board's departments; of the duties of its officers; of the management of its finances; of its corporate body; of its publications.

Other Features—Prayer Calendar; 1937 calendar on back cover; map of Africa; statistical tables.

Useful—For answering questions; for building missionary programs; for preparing addresses; for handy reference; for gifts.

Ready November 1. Advance orders may be sent now.

Thirty-five cents a copy; three for a dollar

Address HARVEY L. MEEKEN, Agent, 14 Beacon Street, Boston

The Yale Washington Band

The plan of a group coöperating in missionary work in the West was conceived in April, 1890, by three seniors in Yale Divinity School who had been supplying vacant pulpits the day before.

The three men added to themselves three others and the six offered their services to the Congregational Home Missionary Society, only asking that their fields should be such that they could coöperate in the way they had planned.

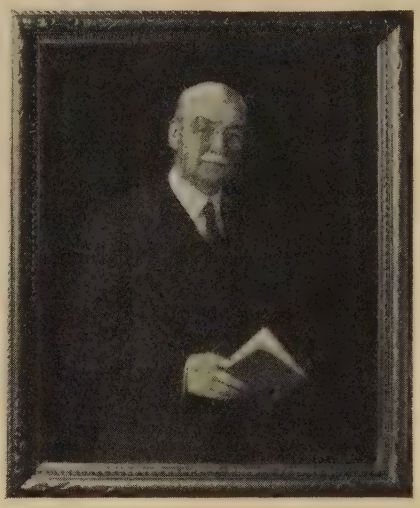
Given their choice of Colorado, Dakota, Washington, they chose Eastern Washington. After their graduation the six—William Davies of Wales, J. T. Nichols of Harvard, G. E. Hooker of Amherst, S. B. L. Penrose of Williams, L. O. Baird and E. L. Smith of Yale—were invited to the annual meeting of the society, and their presentation resulted in financial assistance in the execution of their project.

The Congregational people of Seattle welcomed them heartily, and, under the superintendence of Rev. R. A. Beard, they were assigned to their separate fields and directed to report at the meeting of the State Association in Walla Walla that September.

Their method became most successful in transforming anti-religious towns and unbelievers into Christian communities and individuals. Each man preached and organized his parish; the Band met once in six or eight weeks in each of the fields in turn, and for two weeks held afternoon and evening meetings for the community, and morning meetings of the six for prayer, discussion and consultation. All of their churches reached the goal of self-support in time.

What about the six members of the Band? Hooker went to Hull House in Chicago; Baird became in time the Washington State Superintendent; Nichols became the first superintendent of the Congregational Church Extension Society; Davies went as missionary to Alaska and died after a fruitful pastorate in California; Penrose became President of Whitman College; Smith served in a national secretaryship—but with the American Board—returning to the churches of Seattle.

Personals



A choice portrait of **Dr. Cornelius H. Patton,** Secretary Emeritus of the American Board, has been hung in the main office of the Board in Boston. It is the gift of his immediate family. His friends are congratulating him on this remarkably "fine likeness" produced by the artist, Harold Green of Hartford.

Dr. Hugh Vernon White of the American Board will broadcast in the "Church of the Air," Columbia System, on Sunday, December 13, at 1.00 p.m., Eastern Time. This is announced for the benefit of his friends throughout the country.

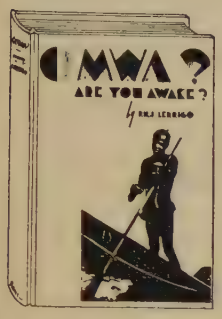
Mrs. Emma I. Boardman, formerly secretary to Rev. Judson Cross when he headed the New England Regional Committee of the Commission on Missions, has become Office Secretary of the New Hampshire Congregational Christian Conference with headquarters at Concord. Having been in close contact for years with various phases of denominational work, Mrs. Boardman carries to her new task a rich experience. The HERALD extends to her its best wishes.

Miss Sara Elizabeth Bradley who sailed in September for India where she will join the staff of the Lucy Perry Noble Institute in Madura, was commissioned shortly before in the Lee Congregational Church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers by a fellow-townsman. Dr. Alden Clark presented the commission, Mrs. Mary Carver bid her Godspeed, her pastor, Rev. Arthur Condit, offered the prayer of consecration. The church members gave her a radio as a parting gift. Miss Bradley is a graduate of Massachusetts State and studied at Teachers College, Columbia.

During August and September the following missionaries have arrived in America: *From Africa*—**Rev. and Mrs. Henry A. Neipp** of Chilesso, where they have been doing evangelistic work. They went to Africa under the Phil-African League (now Swiss Mission—Mr. Neipp went there from Switzerland, having been born in Neuchatel and graduated from Neuchatel College). In 1904 they became missionaries of the American Board. Also **Minnie A. Tontz, R.N.,** nurse in the mission hospital at Mount Silinda. She is an alumna of Oberlin College and St. Vincent's Training School, Portland, Oregon.

From China have come **Rev. and Mrs. Lyman V. Cady** of the Cheeloo School of Theology, Tsinan. Mr. Cady is an alumnus of Olivet and Grinnell Colleges and Oberlin Seminary, teaching three years in Anatolia College, Merzifon, Turkey before seminary days. **Miss Alice Reed** of Tehsien was also in Grinnell College, with a normal school training beside, and experience in teaching in this country before appointment. **Rev. Frank Rawlinson** of Shanghai, where he has been editor of *The Chinese Recorder*. He was born in Eng-

TWO NEW BOOKS ON AFRICA



OMWA?
(ARE YOU AWAKE?)

P. H. J. LERRIGO, M.D.

"Omwa? Are you awake?" is a native salutation used in Central Africa. The author has utilized this expression as a thread to bind together this study dealing with the major problems, religious, political, social and industrial, confronting the great emerging continent today. Human interest stories and folk tales illuminate the themes.

Illustrated $1.25

AN IRISHMAN IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA

Edited by RUTH BURNS MAGUIRE

The wonderful career of Gabriel Reid Maguire, who was a missionary, preacher and pastor, for nearly forty years. "A great and unusual contribution to the missionary literature in which our churches are interested just at this time."—*Watchman-Examiner.* With an introduction by President Austen K. deBolis.

Illustrated $1.25

OTHER IMPORTANT WORKS ON MISSION LANDS

REBECCA PARRISH, M.D.

ORIENT SEAS AND LANDS AFAR

Dr. Parrish is an experienced traveller who has the unique ability of getting behind the scenes and interpreting the ways of the peoples. It includes Palestine, India, Africa, China, Japan, Arabia, Philippines, and Egypt, Persia, etc. $1.50

HERBERT H. GOWEN, D.D.

FIVE FOREIGNERS IN JAPAN

The Western influences that have brought about Japan's rise is told in these historical biographies of five men who, more than any others, had much to do with her growth in strategic power. $2.00

GEORGE P. and IDA G. PIERSON

FORTY HAPPY YEARS IN JAPAN

This stirring recital of successful missionary work is written with passionate enthusiasm by two missionaries. Their evangelistic activities brought them into contact with all classes of people in Japan. $1.25

At All Booksellers **FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY** 158 Fifth Ave., New York

land, is an alumnus of Bucknell University, taking his Master's degree at Columbia, and was a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention in China 1902–1921, receiving American Board appointment in 1922.

From India and Ceylon: **Rev. and Mrs. James F. Edwards** of the United Theological College in Poona. Mr. Edwards was born in England and was a missionary of the English Wesleyan Mission for five years before becoming an associate missionary under the American Board in 1914, later receiving full appointment. He is English editor of the *Dynyanodaya.* Mrs. Edwards, a graduate of Teachers College, Columbia University, was, as Miss Louise Wheeler, principal of the Kindergarten Training School in Sholapur 1911 to the year of her marriage, 1930. **Miss Lucy Clark** of the Uduvil Girls' School, Ceylon, where she is principal of the Training School, having herself graduated from a normal school before her appointment in 1914.

From Japan: **Miss Alice Adams,** Emeritus Director of the social settlement she founded in Okayama thirty-eight years ago, recipient of many decorations and other honors from the government. **Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Hackett** of Kobe where he is treasurer of mission and college. He is an alumnus of Berea College of which he was assistant treasurer for five years—less the fifteen months he was in the Army —before his appointment in 1920.

From the Near East: **Miss Katharine Fletcher** of the American Academy for Girls in Scutari, Turkey; she is a Smith College alumna, with a Master's degree from Columbia; served under the Near East Relief for four years before her appointment. **Miss Ilse Pohl,** retired, formerly of Smyrna, Merzifon, and Cesarea; a graduate of the Royal Teachers' College in her home city of Dresden.

In Memoriam

Frederick Bartlett Riggs

The death of F. B. Riggs both removed what might be called a "pioneer personality" from the present and severed one of the two living links with the long past of our missionary work among the Sioux Indians.

Fred Riggs was the fourth member of his family and the third son in the direct line of descent to give himself to a life time of service to the Sioux Indians. His grandfather was Stephen Return Riggs, who was sent as a missionary to the Indians in 1837 by the American Board. His father was Alfred Longley Riggs, who was born among the Indians, and who founded the Santee School in 1870. His uncle is Thomas Lawrence Riggs, who as a boy witnessed the Indian uprising of 1862, and who buried Sitting Bull after his death in 1890. From 1872 until his retirement in 1918 Thomas Riggs worked among the Sioux. He

For Prompt and Accurate Service

Davidson & Virgin

420 Boylston Street
BOSTON, MASS.
Telephone Kenmore 0968

Makers of
Eyeglasses and Spectacles
From Prescriptions Only

Ralph R. Davidson

ADVERTISERS

If you want to reach the cream of the Congregational constituency, and the missionaries and institutions of the American Board and the Home Boards the best possible medium is the

Missionary Herald

For rates and full detail write to:

HARVEY L. MEEKEN, *Agent*
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

still makes his home among them at Oahe, South Dakota.

Frederick Bartlett Riggs was born July 14, 1865. Aside from the periods when he was away at school, he made his home at Santee, Nebraska, from 1870 to his retirement in 1933. He attended high school at Beloit, Wisconsin and graduated from Yankton College in 1888. The next two years were spent at Chicago and Hartford Seminaries. During the year 1890–1891 he taught at Santee, and then studied pedagogy for a year at New York University. He entered the permanent employ of The American Missionary Association in June of 1892, first as assistant to his father and later as principal of the Santee School.

Under his direction Santee developed along progressive lines, until at the end of his administration the lower grades had been dropped and the emphasis placed upon the four high school years. He used the large farm both to teach agriculture and to produce a profit for the school. He maintained printing and machine shop work for the boys and sewing and cooking for the girls. For a number of years the Presbyterians coöperated in the publication

PARENTS AND TEACHERS
ATTENTION

Special sales offer on two books for Junior boys and girls. Use them in your work, as gifts, and with the children in the home.

A Little Book of Prayers
by
MARY DANIELS
15c Per Copy

The World Friendship Stamp Album

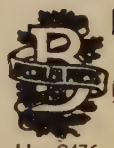
Compact — Loose-leaf — Provides maps, stamp sheets, and blank pages for those clippings about stamps, letters, world friendship records, and far-away letters.

Complete 75c Per Copy

PULPIT AND CHOIR GOWNS

Pulpit Hangings—Altar Cloths
Bible Markers—Communion Linens
Vestment Specialists since 1837
Custom Tailoring for Clergymen

COX SONS & VINING · INC.
131 EAST 23RD STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y.



BECKLER PRESS Inc.
HOOPER PRINTING CO.
High PRINTING Grade
470 ATLANTIC AVENUE
BOSTON
Han. 9476

Walker Missionary Homes, Inc.

Established 1868 Incorporated 1929

Many missionaries on furlough have no place where they can conveniently stay. For them the Walker Missionary Homes provides four housekeeping apartments and also accommodations at the main building where board and room is provided.

The nominal charge that is made cannot cover the full amount of the expense. To meet the deficit the management of the Homes must rely upon the income of endowment funds and gifts for current expenses.

Will you share in this opportunity to make the furlough year of the American Board missionaries a more effective period of preparation for the years of service on the field to which they return?

Checks should be made payable to
WALKER MISSIONARY HOMES, Inc.
and sent to
HAROLD B. BELCHER, *Treasurer*
14 Beacon Street, Boston

OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY
17 COURT STREET, BOSTON

Complete Trust Service
Executor ★ Trustee
Agent ★ Guardian
Conservator

Allied with
The FIRST NATIONAL BANK *of* BOSTON

of an Indian paper and in the giving of correspondence courses on the Bible in the Sioux language. He never closed a school year with a deficit. For thirty-four years his wife, Harriet C. Riggs, developed the musical life of the school, particularly through choral singing.

F. B. Riggs had many of the characteristics of the pioneer. Few white men have equalled his command of the Sioux language and knowledge of Indian life. He was highly resourceful along mechanical lines. Never was he happier than when giving a lecture on modern science in the Sioux language with a stereopticon operated from an acetylene gas tank to an audience of Indians assembled many miles from any of the improvements made possible by electric power.

Although most of his life was spent in a highly inaccessible hamlet on the Missouri River, Fred Riggs never lost touch with the intellectual currents of modern life. He had mastered the art of rising above a seemingly barren environment. He even followed the "Conversations About God" which the *Christian Century* published a few years ago with avid interest—although most people found them utterly incomprehensible. He has been in hearty sympathy with the recent plans to introduce new educational methods at Santee. He was quite willing that the school into which he had put his life should be reorganized along new lines. At heart he was a philosopher who saw life in clear perspective.

A few years ago his alma mater, Yankton, honored both itself and Fred Riggs by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Since the summer of 1933 Mr. and Mrs. Riggs have lived in retirement at Oakland, California. Part of this time was happily employed in the preparation of the historical account, "A Century with the Sioux" which appears in the annual report of The American Missionary Association for 1935. J. R. S.

The Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. J. Harvey Renfrew of Urbana, Illinois, for a three year term as teacher in the American College, Tarsus.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank T. Meacham

OUR FREE CATALOG SAVES MONEY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

Foreign Missionaries everywhere have confidence in our Missionary Bureau as the most economical source for personal supplies and mission equipment of high quality.

Secretaries and Purchasing Agents of Foreign Missions find that our free catalog, with its 45,000 separate items, and our special discount list enables them to save money for their stations.

Mission Boards can economize by selecting hardware, paints and other building materials from our catalog, for shipment abroad.

If you wish a Montgomery Ward catalog, for export use only, write TODAY for a free copy.

MONTGOMERY WARD
Export Missionary Unit Chicago, U. S. A.

Boston Insurance Company
Incorporated 1873

FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE, SPRINKLER LEAKAGE, EXPLOSION, RIOT and CIVIL COMMOTION, TORNADO, RENTS, USE and OCCUPANCY, TOURISTS' BAGGAGE

HOME OFFICE
87 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.
Western Department
Lansing, Michigan
Pacific Coast Department
230 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

25 Years OF SERVING THE CHURCHES THROUGH MUSIC

Through the merger of The Hall-Mack Co., we are now in a better position to serve you than ever before.

More than 10,000 Churches

are using these Rodeheaver Song Books

JUNIOR-YOUTH HYMNAL

NEW AWAKENING SONGS

TRIUMPHANT SERVICE SONGS

An unfailing supply of INSPIRATIONAL SONGS . . . an aid to spiritual growth and fervent congregational singing. Triumphant Service Songs is by far the most popular song book we have ever published in our 25 years' history.

A Complete Worship Service

295 inspiring songs—a choice collection of the best in new songs and old favorites. Includes forty new songs never before published in a collection of this character. Helpful worship programs, Scripture readings, etc. Round or shaped notes. Complete orchestration. Price $25 per hundred in Rope Bristol Binding; $40 per hundred bound in green waterproof cloth, gold stamped and strongly reinforced for durability. Not prepaid.

Pastors, Superintendents, Committee Members write Dept. MH11 for examination copy of any song book we publish.

Free Copy of "SINGING BLACK"
By Homer Rodeheaver
Letters from a music missionary in Africa. Free copy upon request.

THE RODEHEAVER CO. 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 124 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

of Neponset, Illinois, reappointed to the East Africa Mission.

* * *

COMMISSIONING

Miss Sara Elizabeth Bradley, in the First Congregational Church, Lee, Massachusetts, September 20. Mrs. Mary R. Carver, Secretary of the Department of Woman's Work of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference and Missionary Society, the "Godspeed from Massachusetts"; the commission conferred by Dr. Alden Hyde Clark, Secretary of the American Board; Prayer of Consecration by Rev. Edward M. Condit, pastor of the church.

* * *

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Miss Minnie E. Carter, Miss Lavinia Scott of the South Africa Mission, in December 1937; Rev. and Mrs. Henry A. Stick of the South Africa Mission, in August 1937; Dr. and Mrs. Alan B. Taylor of the South Africa Mission, in May 1937.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson F. Dodd, Miss Sylvia T. Eddy, Rev. and Mrs. R. Finney Markham, Miss Harriet C. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bonsall Smith, of the Near East Mission, beginning in the summer of 1937.

* * *

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Everett C. Blake, Miss Gladys Perry, from New York, September 5, returning to the Near East Mission.

Miss Minnie B. Mills, Miss Olive Greene, from New York, September 9, returning to the Near East Mission; Miss Genevieve D. Irwin, joining the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Gillett, from San Francisco, September 23, returning to the Japan Mission.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter F. Hume, from New York, September 23, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Miss Sara Elizabeth Bradley, from New York, September 23, joining the Madura Mission.

Miss Eva M. Peek, from New York, September 23, joining the Ceylon Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson C. Lockwood,

PEERLESS LEATHER GOODS CO.

Luggage and Leather Novelties

MANUFACTURERS WHOLESALERS RETAILERS

133 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Free Japanese Print Exhibition

It may be that your missionary society is planning to hold a bazaar or a Christmas sale. We feel sure that your society will be able to derive a considerable profit from the sale of our exquisitely colored Japanese Woodblock Prints, showing in beautiful color and design the land of the Rising Sun. Have your members see Japan of Yesterday and Today. Exhibition is available now FREE OF CHARGE. Ideal decorations for bazaars, fairs, festivals, Japanese booths, Christmas sales. Prices, 15c.–$1.45, commission 25%. We request society to pay expressage on exhibit. Further information on request.

15c CHRISTMAS CARDS 15c

Imported from Nippon, 50 different designs of hand-colored cards. Genuine hand-made woodblocks. Prices, 15c. to 25c., commission 25% to Missionary societies.
Send to your friends at Christmas time a beautiful Japanese print.

SHIMA ART COMPANY, Inc.

16 West 57th Street New York City

AT LAST *A SMALL BIBLE WITH BIG TYPE!*

THE HARPER

CLEARBLACK

BIBLE

The Harper CLEARBLACK type is composed of most pleasing, clear-cut letters that are easy to read and that do not tire the eye. A modified pronouncing system is used whereby the ordinary names known to the average Bible reader are not marked for pronunciation, but all other proper names are so marked. This Bible is the product of His Majesty's Printers of London, and is published by Harper & Brothers of New York.
The India paper pocket edition, only ⅞ of an inch thick is specially recommended.
Your bookseller or supply house will gladly show you the Harper Clearblack Bibles, or write for a descriptive price list to

HARPER & BROTHERS Dept. C5 49 E. 33rd Street, New York

WHEN in NEW YORK

STOP AT THE

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL

ALBURN M. GUTTERSON, MGR.

Close to Many Famous Churches

Four Blocks from Largest Department Stores and Empire State Building

Write for Road Map showing new route numbers through city

In the Zone of Quiet. 1000 Rooms with Bath

Single $2 Double $3

No charge for cot for Little Tot

Matron in attendance for ladies traveling alone

Evening Concerts in Largest Hotel Lounge in New York

FIFTH AVENUE at 28th STREET, N. Y.

DISCRIMINATING PUBLISHERS SPECIFY

AND

WISE PRINTERS USE

"PAPERS OF OLD-FASHIONED QUALITY"

MADE AND DISTRIBUTED BY

TILESTON AND HOLLINGSWORTH CO.

"Papermakers for More Than One Hundred and Thirty Years"

MILLS AND OFFICE

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

3 Money-Earning Plans to help you earn money for church work.

Knobby Tidy Tacks
Knobby Perfumes
Knobby Key Chains

No Investment
30 Days to Pay
Write for Free Sample

Dept. H
The Knobby Crafters
Attleboro, Mass.

A. BECKWITH & CO.
37 Essex St., Boston

Headquarters for
CAMPING EQUIPMENT
and
RIDING APPAREL

●

Write for Free Catalog
C-36 FOR CAMPING
R-36 FOR RIDING

from New York, September 29, joining the Ceylon Mission.

* * *

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Richard S. Webb, Miss Mary W. Hurlbut, Miss Una J. Minto, in Angola, West Africa, in August, returning to the West Central Africa Mission.

Rev. Frank Cary, in Japan, August 6, after a visit in America.

Miss Angie Crew, in Japan, August 27, returning to the Japan Mission.

Miss Charlotte B. DeForest, in Kobe, September 3, returning to the Japan Mission.

Mrs. Adella M. Langill, in Japan, September 5, secretary for Kobe College.

Rev. and Mrs. Floyd L. Roberts, in Japan, September 11, returning to the Japan Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles T. Riggs, Miss Dora F. Shank, in Istanbul, September 19, returning to the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence S. Gillett, in Japan, October 5, returning to the Japan Mission.

MISSIONS TOMORROW

By Kenneth Scott Latourette
of Yale University

"No one who ever thinks of missions, or wonders what missionary effort can or ought to do today, should miss reading this book."—*N. Y. Times*

215 Pages **$2.00**

A Religious Book Club Selection

Background Books on Africa

AFRICA VIEW
By Julian Huxley $2.50

JOHN WHITE OF MASHONALAND
By C. F. Andrews $1.50

THE WHITE QUEEN OF OKOYONG
By W. P. Livingstone $1.50

Harper & Brothers

WORLD FELLOWSHIP *in the* **SUNDAY SCHOOL**

Make it real through worship, study and service.

JUNIOR LEADERS

Use

We Sing America by Marion Cuthbert. A reading book for Juniors and a reference book for leaders. Cloth $1.00; paper 50 cents.

A Junior Teacher's Guide on Negro Americans by Mildred M. Eakin. Forty-eight pages of suggested activities and session plans. Paper 25 cents.

In the African Bush by Jewel H. Schwab. Includes teaching outlines, stories, worship materials. Paper 75 cents.

PRIMARY TEACHERS

Buy

We Sing America by Marion Cuthbert. Invaluable reference book for leaders. Cloth $1.00; paper 50 cents.

A Primary Teacher's Guide on Negro Americans by Mabel G. Wagner. Plans for eight sessions with stories, worship, activities. Paper 25 cents.

The Call Drum by Mary Entwistle and Elizabeth Harris. Definite session plans include stories and other helps. Paper 75 cents.

PICTORIAL HELPS FOR BOTH GROUPS

MAPS

Picture Map of the United States and *Picture Map of Africa*

Each 30 x 50 inches. Each includes a pictorial and informational insert sheet. Price, 50 cents each.

PICTURES

The Family Goes Traveling, a picture story book for Primary children. Arranged by Jeannette Perkins Brown. The story of the travels of a Negro family. Paper 35 cents.

Twelve Africa Prints for class, posters, and notebook use. Ten cents a set.

Order of the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN BOARD
will help you plan your trip abroad
Each booking made by our Travel Department aids the Board
For further information write to
AMERICAN BOARD TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Stone & Downer Co.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKERS
148 State Street, Boston

LETTER SERVICE
ADDRESSING MAILING
Boston Mailing Company
394 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. Frank J. Rawlinson, in New York, September 4, of Shanghai, North China.

Miss Minnie Tontz, in New York, September 13, of Mt. Silinda, East Africa.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry A. Neipp, in New York, September 23, of Chilesso, West Africa.

Miss Alice P. Adams, in Seattle, September 30, of Okayama, Japan.

* * *

MARRIAGES

Rev. Harold Leslie Nevers, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Wilmington, North Carolina, and Miss Lena Ruth Honesty, September 2 at Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. William Ensminger, son of Dr. Fred B. Ensminger, associate superintendent of the Southeast District, and Mrs. Bernice Wright, September 5 at Phenix City, Alabama.

Mr. William Whitcomb Clark, son of Secretary Alden H. Clark of the American Board, and Miss Esther Victoria Sausser, September 18 at Findlay, Ohio.

American Engraving Co.
ENGRAVING
DESIGNING and
COLOR PLATES
94 Arch St.—13 Otis St.
LIBerty 4640—4641

J. S. WESBY and SONS
Good Bookbinding
SINCE 1845
44 Portland St., Worcester, Mass.

CHARLES H. DeRUSHA
Printer
LIBerty 8180
Booklet. Catalogue and Job Printing
470 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Established 1882

The
Commonwealth Press
Printers Building
44 Portland Street
Worcester

Constant and Dependable Printing Service

The Most Appropriate Expression of

Thanksgiving

is

Giving

✠

At the call of the Missions Council of Congregational and Christian Churches our Church Membership is asked to make a special offering this month to undergird the work of our State Conferences, the Home Boards including the Council for Social Action, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Your additional gift is urgently needed and will be credited to the apportionment goal of your church. It may be placed on the offering in your Church on Sunday, November 22nd.

Copies of a special Thanksgiving Service and Thank Offering envelopes are available at the offices of the Missions Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, and 19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

✠

Thanks with Giving

Sunday, November 22, 1936

TYPISTS VOTE
UNDERWOOD FIRST
...in "BLIND" Touch Test!

Operators recruited at random, working on masked typewriters of all makes, choose the Underwood for "Touch"

"The Machine of Champions"

UNDERWOOD engineers clicked when the idea was proposed. "Let us take eleven different machines," said one of them, "embracing all makes. Let us mask them so that even their own makers wouldn't know them. Then let us call in strange typists from different employment agencies throughout the city, ask each girl to operate each machine and then vote for her choice without knowing its name."

• • •

Thus the Underwood "Blind" Touch Test developed as an engineer's experiment. Thus day by day strange operators trooped in and took their places at a test board from the face of which the keyboards of eleven masked typewriters of all makes protruded. And one by one as the typists operated the machines, they registered their opinions concerning the performance of each on a blank provided for that purpose.

• • •

Girls who frankly stated at the outset that they had operated and preferred a competitive make of machine cast enthusiastic votes in favor of No. 11.

Girls who had stated in writing on their employment application blanks that they had never worked on any but a competitive make of machine helped swell the total of votes that piled up for No. 11.

And to these girls we now make known for the first time the fact that No. 11 was a stock model Underwood Standard Typewriter, brought to the peak of touch perfection as are all Underwoods, by Touch Tuning* before it left the world's largest typewriter plant at Hartford, Conn.

The Underwood is first in speed, accuracy, durability, simplicity and lightness of touch. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

* **Touch Tuning** means the individual adjustment of each key on the Underwood to the requirements of the finger that strikes it. It not only regulates key tension but carriage speed and type bar responsiveness.

THE NEW
UNDERWOOD
STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Underwood Elliott Fisher Speeds the World's Business

Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
Typewriters... Accounting Machines... Adding Machines... Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales and Service Everywhere